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WILL France let her militarists forfeit the sympathy of mankind which has been so largely hers since 1914? The deportation of five hundred Germans with their families and children from Alsace-Lorraine, because of Germany's failure to meet certain "compensation payments on account of private debts," is so unjust and cruel that it cannot fail further to weaken France's dwindling hold on the esteem of the civilized world. Little by little mankind has seen acts scathingly condemned by the Allies when practiced by "the Hun" sanctified by performance at their own hands. Deportation which as a war-time measure justly aroused universal indignation is after four years of peace inaugurated by the French. The circumstances are peculiarly wanton. Married men are allowed to take but sixty-five pounds of baggage and ten thousand marks—ten dollars—the remainder of their bank accounts being sequestered. Single men fare half as well. For most of the families, some of whom have dwelt a generation in the homes from which they are now driven, beggary, starvation, and possibly death lie ahead. These expulsions are contrary to law and to elementary humanity. If these things mean nothing to the French jingoes let them remember that such cruelty tends still further to damage the favorable opinion of Americans which French diplomatists seek to win for their cause.

WHEN Irish Republican raiders wrecked the cable terminals in Ireland commercial cable traffic between Europe and the United States was sadly upset. Some cables were even sent to Europe via South America. Before the war such an interruption would have meant only an extra heavy burden for the German cable which reached from Emden via the Azores to New York. The British seized that cable during the war, which was perhaps legitimate as a war measure; they went further, however, and diverted it to run from Penzance to Halifax. It is now used primarily for British cables to Australasia. After the war the American Government demanded that it be restored to the service between Germany and the United States, but England refused, and various cable congresses have palavered and adjourned without reaching any agreement. More than that, American attempts to obtain the right to land a new cable at the Azores have been refused, apparently as a result of British pressure upon the Portuguese Government. For years Britain opposed Germany's attempts to establish an independent cable system; apparently the United States is destined to meet the same opposition. Yet in the long run America is sure to be able to build up an independent system; English statesmen ought to realize that opposition to American cable lines, like misuse of the British cable monopoly for British commercial advantage, is a kind of pin-pricking which ought not to be indulged in by those who care for Anglo-American friendship.

Washington, August 14.—A. C. Millspaugh, economic adviser of the State Department, today signed a contract with the Persian Minister, Mirza Khan Alai, for service at Teheran as Administrator General of the Finances of the Persian Empire.—New York *World*.

"ECONOMIC adviser" is a loose term; in this case it happens to mean that Mr. Millspaugh has for some years been the State Department expert on petroleum—which opens the way for interesting reflections. Russia and Great Britain, it will be recalled, divided Persia into "zones of influence" in 1907; Russia got the concessions for the oil in the north of Persia, and the Anglo-Persian Oil Co., which is not without relations to the British Government, eventually got the concessions not only for the southerly British zone but also for the central neutral zone. Now Soviet Russia, by the treaty of February 26, 1921, "wishing to see the Persian people independent, flourishing, and freely controlling the whole of its own possessions," declared all concessions or conventions "tending to the diminution of the rights of the Persian people completely null and void." Needless to say, Britain did not follow suit. Persia, by the same treaty, promised not to hand over the concessions or property returned to it to any third state or its citizens but to preserve them for the good of the Persian people. But Persia is weak, and, except for her oil, poor. She needs a loan. As it happens, the Standard Oil Co., the Sinclair Consolidated Oil Corporation, and the Anglo-Persian Oil Co. are all bidding for the concessions which Soviet Russia renounced. The papers report that Persia is soon to float a loan in the United States. All of which, as we said, opens the way for interesting reflections.

MEXICAN courts can scarcely be accused of an injudicial anti-American bias. A Mexican judge has formally cleared A. Bruce Bielaski of the charge of having arranged his own kidnapping. The Mexican Supreme Court has in five different *amparo* or injunction cases ruled that

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Article 27 nationalizing oil lands was not retroactive or confiscatory. These decisions however do not guarantee that protection for American property rights which Secretary Hughes demands as the price of recognition of the Obregon Government. He says that they do not apply to land acquired prior to May 1, 1917 (when the constitution became effective), on which oil had not then been found or, if found, had not been developed. Furthermore, he says that he has been advised that under Mexican law not the Supreme Court but Congress has power to regulate the interpretation of the precepts of the constitution, and Congress has as yet passed no organic law interpreting Article 27. The Mexicans will save themselves a lot of trouble if they will quit bothering about their constitution. There is a higher law. That law is the protection of private (American) property and Charles Evans Hughes is its prophet.

WHEN Secretary Hughes wrote his defense of Senator Newberry for Republican campaign purposes he forgot two things: First, that Mr. Hughes, a private lawyer, might with propriety defend Newberry before the courts and the public while Secretary Hughes, ranking member of the American Cabinet, may not. Second, that the Supreme Court's legal vindication of Mr. Newberry did not absolve him from moral blame for practices which even the Republican majority of the Senate felt obliged to condemn. Mr. Hughes accumulated certain stores of merit by his early record and his handling of the Washington Conference on naval armament. He makes heavy demands on his reserves when to his imperialist Caribbean policy he adds a public defense of Newberryism.

DEPARTMENTS of Justice never change. In times of war, in times of peace, in times of complete, impeccable normalcy, they remain themselves—excitable, sensational, melodramatic, absurd. A red flag is to them all sort of things besides a red flag; a hole in a sidewalk is a poor, prosaic way to explain its existence. And similarly strikes, timorous citizen, are not merely strikes. Oh, no. Strikes, though they may look like strikes on the surface, are revolutions; and strikers, though they may be cleverly disguised as American workmen, are almost always Russian agitators. With the arrest of an undistinguished Russian radical, Joseph Kowalski by name, the Department of Justice has gone in for a regular orgy of shivering in which the newspapers have joined. A few headlines in the New York *Times* tell the terrible tale:

> Soviet Leader Here to Stir Miners' War; Federal Agents Arrest Joseph Kowalski, Official High in Bolshevist Councils; Powerful in Coal Fields. Net Set for More Soviet Emissaries. Reds' Activity in the United States Traced to Moscow. Communist Agents Boring in Strikes; All Aim at Revolution.

And finally, to make the humor of the situation irresistible: "Daugherty believes I.W.W. is Busy in Strikes." Everybody, in fact, is busy except the regular organizers and leaders of the unions on strike. Truly it is a funny world—and vastly more so for the existence in it of Departments of Justice and Attorney Generals.

THE other day a wreck took place on the Michigan Central Railroad at Gary, Indiana. Immediately afterwards detectives, acting under the direction of the Illinois State's Attorney Crowe smashed in the door of the Trades Union Educational League's office in Chicago and went away with a truckload of letter files, card indexes, books, pamphlets, and some pictures of Lenin and Trotzky. The head of the League is William Z. Foster. There was no evidence to indicate that Mr. Foster had any connection with the wreck or knew about it. Had there been such evidence the usual procedure even in the United States would be to apprehend Mr. Foster and question him; it is not usually considered legally necessary to smash open a suspected man's office in his absence and take away all his property, even though there may be some precedent for it in the methods of the Black Hundred of Czarist Russia. In any case State's Attorney Crowe had not a shred of excuse to offer for his performance. He did not attempt to connect Mr. Foster with the wreck; he simply mentioned them both in the same breath and hoped that the public would make the connection. The newspapers did their best to help bring this about, but the story was too thin. The morning after the raid brought forth a story headed "Foster Exonerated of Wrecking Train." If there is anything more indecent than condemning an innocent man it is "exonerating" him; which simply means wantonly connecting his name with a crime for which he has no responsibility. The absurdity of our legal authorities sometimes seems funny though deplorable, like the antics of a drunken sailor. This last piece of idiocy is too indecent to laugh at.

CALIFORNIA clings tenaciously to the shame of her political persecutions. Mooney is still in jail though to the mass of evidence that ought to free him has been added the new charge of Mrs. MacNevin that her husband violated his oath as a juror by conferring with the prosecution during the Mooney trial. And still Governor Stephens has not acted. While he waits new injustices are done. Among the most absurd is the indictment of thirteen members of the Socialist Labor Party and its adjunct the International Industrial Union for criminal syndicalism. Anyone who knows anything of the radical movement knows that these small organizations have waged an aggressive fight against violence and sabotage in the labor struggle. Now their members have been indicted along with I. W. W.'s and Communists and must spend thousands of dollars on defense when their party treasury is empty.

"THE law is an ass" might have been written as a prophetic description of American statutes governing immigration. Consider the case of Mrs. Blanche Cooper who arrived with her husband and little daughter from England on June 30 just three hours before the quotas for the new fiscal year became available. The law says one's country is the place of one's birth. Mrs. Cooper's parents were English, but she was born in Australia and lived there all of six months; she is therefore Australian in the eyes of our most noble law though she had at one time lived in the United States for seventeen years and came with her English husband from England. The Australian quota for the old fiscal year was filled; Mrs. Cooper therefore, despite vain appeals to the highest authorities, was deported to England leaving her husband and daughter here. Once in England she can turn right around and come back to the United States and be admitted—if meanwhile the Australian quota has not been filled. If Mrs. Cooper pauses long enough to tell her story in England she will find ground prepared for its reception by other tales of the discomforts of Ellis Island and the injustices of our law.

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WORD that the Pope has withdrawn the decree suspending the American National Catholic Welfare Council and given it his blessing is good news not only to Catholics but to all Americans who appreciate the importance of preventing an alliance between dogmatic religion and economic autocracy. While it is probably true that jealousy within the church rather than the forward-looking social program of the Council was the dominant factor behind the representations which resulted in the original decree, the effect of the dissolution of the Council would have been a sweeping victory for all reactionary forces within and without the church. It is an open secret that the two "princes of the church," Cardinals O'Connell of Boston and Dougherty of Philadelphia, against the wishes of the bishops, supported the original order dissolving the Council. The Pope's latest action is a rebuke they may take to heart with excellent effect on the quality of their contribution to American life.

IN their desire to reduce Germany to military and commercial impotence the treaty-makers at Versailles restricted her airplane production to machines of very small motor power. The result of their action has been to stimulate German scientific ingenuity. A group of German engineers and students working at the Hanover Technical High School has already accomplished the really thrilling feat of producing a machine which Hentzen kept in the air for two hours and ten seconds. It does not glide; it flies, utilizing air currents on the principle known to observers of bird-flights that "the air flies the bird." Professor Brial believes that the tests prove that in the atmospheric conditions prevailing in Germany such machines can fly two hundred days in the year. On other days a small motor will be enough. Thus a new and cheaper airplane may be born out of the marriage of necessity with scientific ingenuity which will benefit not only Germany but mankind. If only man would apply the same patient skill to the solution of his political and economic problems!

OF all the young Lochinvars who have been capturing tennis honors in the East during the last few years, none has been more appealing than Helen Wills. Like many other seventeen-year-old girls, she is slim and compact and graceful; unlike most of them, she has the vast imperturbability of a summer ocean. With 2,500 people watching her, and applauding and commenting, Helen Wills went down to an honorable—even a glorious—defeat the other day at the hands of Molla Bjurstedt Mallory and kept her equanimity; and the day before, with equal poise, she defeated May Sutton Bundy, who is now more than twice Miss Wills's age and who came out of the West when she was about seventeen herself and astounded the country by walking off with the women's national tennis championship. Helen Wills defeated Mrs. Bundy decisively but calmly. And this is her first year of national tournament play! What young orator first facing a great crowd of his elders has succeeded in keeping his hands and feet still, his voice steady? Helen Wills was in a position similar to this, though her speech was the sharp, terse, ringing phrases articulated by her flashing racket; and her self-contained economy of movement would have been envied by a veteran of a thousand audiences. The younger generation, subjected lately to so much criticism for its flightiness and lack of poise, could have found no more convincing representative than Helen Wills.

The Miners Win

ENOUGH operators have come into the bituminous agreement to make it sure that a settlement of the strike in that branch of the coal industry is actually in sight; eagerly and with evident relief the men are flocking into the mines. The coal companies may do their best to make the outcome look like a draw; but in fact it is a triumph for the workers. By this we do not mean that their future is secure or their final battle won. We merely mean that the outcome of the coal strike is the first substantial victory for a large body of workers since the close of labor's brief pretension to power and prestige during and immediately after the war. They are to keep their peak wages; they are to retain the check-off; they are, last and most significant, to keep their union and their bargaining power. In some parts of the Central Competitive Field the union was so well established that the best the operators hoped for was a series of local agreements instead of a general contract backed by a great national industrial union. But in other parts of that field as well as in other sections of the country—notably in West Virginia—the operators admittedly set out to smash the union and to drive it from the coal fields. In some places, by reason of the long unemployment and the desperation of the men, they had pretty well accomplished this aim before the strike came to solidify the workers. In such localities the struggle is likely to go on for some time. But even there the heavy demand for coal and the tendency of the men to drift into fields covered by the agreement will work to bring the operators to terms. Many newspapers have insisted that the operators were only too glad to have a strike—if they did not actively instigate it—to carry them over the lean months and create a new demand for coal. They have even implied that the operators were in a confidential relation with the strikers, cooperating with them in a scheme to mulct the public. This charge is ludicrous. The operators may have been glad of the strike, they may have looked upon it as a bridge to carry them across from one peak of prosperity to another, but more surely they looked upon it as a chance to smash forever the power of the United Mine Workers of America. And this they have failed to do because of the courage and endurance of the workers and the soundness of their organization. A big industrial union has succeeded—let the workers observe—when separate craft unions would surely have failed.

We are glad that the operators failed for many reasons, one of which is our concern for the safety of the men and women and children of the coal fields. More than 2,000,000 people are by this settlement, if it becomes nation-wide, snatched back from hunger and offered a chance of decent living—as decent as may be under the conditions that prevail in the mining camps. And the agreement has saved the union. Without the union the men would become progressively more helpless and hopeless. Even the non-union fields are held up to what standards they have by the power of the agreements signed by the United Mine Workers of America. The union has been responsible for abuses and for inexcusable violence—though it has never equaled the worst horrors perpetrated by the operators—but at the present time it is not only the sole hope of the men for a decent life but it is chiefly responsible for what measure of order exists in the coal industry. If the settlement did

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no more than uphold the power of the workers' organization it would be worth having. But it should do more. For one thing it may save us and the industries that support us from the desperate discomfort and suffering of a coalless winter. No matter how much coal is mined the disabled coal cars make it certain that even an immediate settlement of the rail strike would not avail to prevent a shortage, and the profiteering of the operators will increase the country's suffering. But we may escape an actual famine.

Another possibility of good that emerges from the coal agreement is the appointment of some sort of a board to consider and remedy the waste and mismanagement that disgrace the industry and the country. President Harding has demanded of Congress power to appoint a "fact-finding" commission for the coal industry—a useful proposal that has been talked almost to death before its birth—and the operators and workers meeting at Cleveland have outlined a similar scheme within the industry. It is likely, therefore, that somehow, sometime, such a body will be formed. The plan outlined by the miners and operators is a hopeful move toward a reestablishment of some degree of order and self-government in coal. But fundamentally such a committee could never have the authority or enlist the public support necessary to a real reorganization of a chaotic industry. A committee with government sanction and power to recommend legislation is the only hope of future peace and order. Representative Winslow's bill to establish such a board has one fatal defect: it shuts out from membership representatives of the operators and the men; and it is to be appointed by the President presumably without the sanction or advice of anyone. "The radicals" in the Interstate Commerce Committee are reported to have held out for direct representation of the interests involved, but they are not expected to insist on this provision. They should insist. The board to be effective must represent both sides as well as the public and be empowered to go into all phases of the questions involved—from wages and hours to the storage of bituminous coal and from there to profits and the ownership of the coal lands themselves. It is an enormous task—but it is the only chance of avoiding endless, ruinous waste in coal and a steady procession of bloody industrial battles; and of moving toward the eventual nationalization of the mines and their democratic management.

Plot and Fable

YOUNG persons who desire to adorn the popular magazines or even to add to the bookshops' piles of best-selling fiction find it precarious and slow to rely upon themselves alone. They ask advice; they throng all possible classes and lectures. Mary Roberts Rinehart, they argue, is no heaven-born genius. She must have learned her business. "What man has done," they quote in remembrance of Wells's inimitable Mr. Lewisham, "man can do!" They wipe their foreheads; they turn up their sleeves; with zeal they grab their copy of Esenwein or Pitkin.

The textbooks written for their profit and edification increase monthly. The latest is the most amusing because it is the most solemn and takes in vain the name of the creative imagination. This faculty the authors propose to test and train by a new method. They give long excerpts from the famous agony column of the London *Times* and ask the aspirant to literary honors: What do you see in that? Can you reconstruct the human complications that gave rise to these appeals, cries, obscure assignations? Well, there is a plot and so a story in each. And they imply, of course, that there are a hundred stories in every newspaper, and stories, that is to say plots, in the gossip and anecdotes that float about in restaurants and hotel lobbies and smoking-rooms.

One of our Elder Critics at once "fell for" this method and doctrine. He is a great lover of ingenuity, anyhow. He proceeded to illustrate the similar methods which were used by the creative imagination of—Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade! So, to the young aspirants in question, the matter will seem as plain as it is profitable. Esenwein and Pitkin may even, for a period, be regarded as back numbers. The clipping is the thing. Slosson and Downey have discovered the great secret. For one dollar and seventy-five cents you can be a Mary Roberts Rinehart now and actually see in your mind's eye the benignant smile of Lorimer the Great.

Maybe you can. What we desire gently to point out—alas, that it needs to be done!—is that all this has no more to do with the creative imagination than the daubs of the gentry who at country fairs do "reel oil paintings" in fifteen minutes have to do with Rembrandt. The creative imagination is only puzzled and annoyed by what is flung at it from without. It must find its substance in a deep, an instinctive, almost a mystical sense. The legends that Shakespeare and Wagner used did not come to them in the guise of plots but of visions with which their inner experience identified itself by some profound relationship that grew out of the immemorial human validity of the legends themselves. Shakespeare saw in Hamlet all that *his* soul desired to utter; Wagner experienced in and through the legend of Tristan and Isolde all the yearnings and transports of a passion as intimate and immediate as this morning's blossoms on a tree. Our Elder Critic who compares the methods put forth by Slosson and Downey to Shakepeare's borrowing of plots babbles irresponsible folly.

The modern novelist or writer of stories cannot identify himself with myth and legend. His creative imagination has but one material—experience, whether personal or vicarious. He cannot get the sense of vicarious experience from a newspaper clipping. He can get it only from faces, gestures, voices, living words. A countenance in the subway may give him a hint for a character, a trait, a mood; words overheard by accident may teach him—though even this is rare—how to mold a given bit of dialogue. In the end he can depend on nothing but his vision. The vision may be turned within or without; generally, by a paradox and miracle of the creative process, it is turned both within and without. By the light of his experience he interprets the experience of others; he knows the fates and passions of his fellows by the witness of his own heart.

Plot, in the sense of intricate incident, does not interest the creative artist at all. "Passions spin the plot;" a living creature is the best of stories and human fortunes that are to be at once profoundly concrete and profoundly representative have neither intrigue nor surprises nor physical suspense nor any of the qualities that commend a manuscript to the editors who issue checks in four figures. Let the young aspirants read Slosson and Downey in addition to Esenwein and Pitkin, but let us leave the creative imagination out of this game and trade. To talk about it will only muddle the minds of its brisk devotees.

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Government By and For Special Interests

THE American citizens who elected Mr. Harding by some 6,000,000 majority are about to receive their exceeding great reward in the pleasure of paying favored groups over $3,000,000,000 annually for the privilege of living. Of this mighty stream of additional wealth wrung by the new tariff from the citizens, perhaps $65,000,000 more than under the present law will dribble into the Treasury. The one hope for the consumer is that by a little pressure he may prevail upon the Conference Committee to adopt the less bad of the provisions in which the House and Senate bills conflict. The House bill's wool and sugar schedules, for instance, are to be preferred to the Senate's; the Senate should be sustained in rejecting the House's plan for American valuation. The personnel of the Conference Committee suggests a fear that the worse features of each bill may be adopted.

The closing days of the Senate debate were worthy of the bill. After the time for the final vote was fixed scores of last-minute amendments were poured by the Finance Committee into the legislative hopper and ground out with no time for consideration. One act must be set down to the Senate's credit. It found time to reject an oil duty proposed by Senator Harreld of Oklahoma who admitted his part ownership of an oil well but naively argued that his proposed tax could not increase the price of oil to the consumer because the big companies were already charging "all the market would bear"! But the same Senate fixed duties running up to 445 per cent on cutlery and stood pat on the sugar and wool schedules. We have to import half of our wool. Finer and more expensive wool is produced in the United States to some extent; coarser, less expensive wool is scarcely produced at all, but this good material with which the poor man might be clothed is even more heavily taxed than fine wool—the duty on it running from 150 to 200 per cent. Staunch supporters of this bill, men like Gooding of Idaho and Stanfield of Oregon, themselves owners of great flocks, saw no impropriety in their active part in voting the consumers' money into their pockets.

The sugar scandal—we can use no milder word—is equally great. Charges first made public by the New York *World* and denied in virtually no important particular make it clear that Senator Smoot, high apostle of the Mormon Church which is heavily interested in beet sugar, and ranking member of the Finance Committee, began operations for his sugar-growing constituents by trying to dictate to a nominally independent nation—Cuba—her acreage in sugar. The price of her refusal was to be an exorbitant tariff against her. In this effort the Administration, through Secretary Hoover and through General Crowder, its representative in Cuba, was involved. When Cuba refused, the Senator was able to persuade the Senate to carry out his threat—though not to quite the extent that he had hoped. For the benefit of his church and a handful of other sugar growers we must pay a price borne not by the wealthy in proportion to their ability but by every man, woman, and child in proportion to his use of an indispensable article of diet.

How are such transactions possible in a body supposedly representative of "the people"? Partly because "the people" are unorganized, easily deceived, and divided by a multiplicity of interests while the tariff beneficiaries are organized, articulate, and know exactly what they want. They make common cause—"you help me and I'll help you"—against the consumer. It is inconceivable that the wool schedules would have passed the Senate but for the fact that Senators themselves interested in wool or representing wool-growing States demanded them—whether tacitly or openly does not matter—as a price of agreeing to protection for manufactured goods. Our system of equal senatorial representation for the States helped. Nevada has less than 80,000 inhabitants—not the population of a good-sized industrial city—yet Nevada has as many votes in the Senate as New York. And Nevada belongs to the cattlemen. Wyoming has less than 200,000 inhabitants, who could be lost in the city of Chicago; it is a wool-growing State and even its Democratic Senator, Kendrick, voted for the tariff. Gooding of Idaho is another great shepherd and his tariff stand throws William E. Borah's brave opposition to it in more brilliant light.

Yet the power of special interests—in some instances aided by the disproportionate representation of the people of the sparsely settled States—could not possibly take such toll from our pockets were it not for the persistence of the tariff habit which has survived the day of infant industries to plague an America which depends for its margin of prosperity on foreign trade and, to some degree, for its peace on freedom from such injustice and irritation as our exorbitantly protective tariff causes abroad. The tariff habit is deep-rooted not only in social inertia but in certain active delusions. The average man is the dupe of the tariff-makers—even such egregiously stupid and grasping tariff-makers as this year's crop—partly because of his uncritical nationalism and partly because he himself is so seriously inoculated with the virus of privilege hunting. The first delusion inclines him to a dangerous ideal of an economically self-sufficient nation; the second makes him think that government exists to protect him in a privilege he has—for example, absolute and lightly taxed private ownership of land and natural resources—or to give him a privilege he wants.

Men whose main interest in politics is to get the spoils of office; shipping companies which clamor for a subsidy; ex-soldiers who seek a bonus, have a social viewpoint which blinds them to the fundamental unsoundness of the new tariff. The ex-service men, for instance, justly feel that they have suffered from the profiteers; were they organized against profiteering they might do much. Instead they are organized to get their own feet in the public trough. The wounded and disabled are a preferred charge upon the nation's purse; men originally drafted because of their comparative freedom from family cares and returned to their homes unhurt debase the coin of their own courage by their self-seeking. The pity of it is that their attitude is characteristically American. We are hopeful for a popular revolt against the new tariff at the November elections; we are hopeful for the defeat of the ship subsidy and begin to believe that the President may veto the bonus, yet none of these things in itself will be more than temporary without a new sense of the meaning of the common good in terms of our economic and political welfare. That is the political revolution for which *The Nation* hopes. Even now the time is ripe for a national party and a national leader to preach the gospel of constructive revolt against government by and for special interests.

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Pilsudski's Victory—The New Polish Government

By ROBERT DELL

Geneva, July 7

THE struggle between Marshal Pilsudski and the Polish National Democratic (Conservative) Party has ended in complete victory for the Marshal. The new Prime Minister, M. Slivinski, an intimate personal and political friend, will be little more than private secretary to the "Chief of the State," who will himself direct Polish policy at home and abroad. Also he has succeeded in his chief aim—that of getting rid of M. Skirmunt—which was also the main reason why he forced the Ponikowski Cabinet to resign. M. Skirmunt's successor as Minister of Foreign Affairs is M. Nazutowicz, until the restoration of Polish independence a Swiss citizen, for thirty years a professor at Zurich, whose chief qualifications are his docility and his devotion to French interests.

The importance of this change in the Polish Government extends far beyond the Polish frontiers. Marshal Pilsudski has successfully carried off a sort of bloodless coup d'etat and made himself something like the dictator of Poland—with the aid, if you please, of the parties of the Left! For Polish politics remind one of "Alice in Wonderland." Everything means just the contrary of what it means elsewhere. A "Socialist" in Poland is a romantic Nationalist, eager to extend the frontiers of his country and ready for any foreign adventure. Marshal Pilsudski himself belongs to the Socialist Party which enthusiastically supported his filibustering expeditions to Vilna, the Ukraine, and elsewhere. The parties or groups corresponding to the Liberals or Radicals in other European countries are equally nationalistic and almost equally devoted to Marshal Pilsudski. On the other hand Marshal Pilsudski is also supported so far as foreign policy is concerned by the Extreme Right which, although opposed to his domestic policy, is bitterly hostile to Russia and hopes for another conflict with that country. The Extreme Right is the party most directly under French influence and is hand-in-glove with the French diplomatic and military representatives in Poland.

The only Polish party with a sane foreign policy is the Conservative Party, known as "National Democratic," to which M. Skirmunt belongs. It has consistently held that the Poles should concentrate their efforts on developing their resources and be content with what they have, instead of seeking more territory. It has therefore demanded the reduction of the army and abandonment of militarist ambitions. Because M. Skirmunt put this policy into practice he incurred the hostility of Marshal Pilsudski and the so-called "Left." When M. Skirmunt took office last year—he had been Foreign Minister in the Witos Cabinet, which preceded that of M. Ponikowski—the international relations of Poland were about as hopeless as they could be. Poland was on bad terms with all her neighbors, not only Russia, but also Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, and the Baltic and Balkan States. M. Skirmunt has left foreign relations better than they have ever seen since Poland recovered its independence—on friendly terms with all her neighbors, including Russia, and the foundations laid of close cooperation with Germany, despite Upper Silesia.

It is a great achievement, especially as it has been accomplished in the face of bitter opposition at home. M. Skirmunt's policy was much too pacific for the romantic hotheads of the "Left." He was severely criticized for his concessions to Russia last September and, in particular, for his action in expelling General Petlura, M. Savinkov, and other Russian counter-revolutionary plotters from Poland. It will be remembered that M. Filipowitch, Polish minister at Moscow, during the dispute between the Polish and Russian governments last September, sent the Russians a diplomatic note ending with an ultimatum. When the news that an ultimatum had been received was telegraphed from Moscow the Polish embassies and legations, acting on M. Skirmunt's instructions, at once denied it. When the news was confirmed, they were, naturally, accused of lying, but the fact was that M. Filipowitch had gone beyond his instructions and M. Skirmunt knew nothing of the note in question, although possibly Marshal Pilsudski did. When M. Skirmunt discovered what had happened, he promptly recalled M. Filipowitch and appointed another minister in his place. M. Skirmunt then made an agreement with the Russian Government which put an end to the friction and made relations between the two countries better than they had ever been.

For this M. Skirmunt was accused of sacrificing the "national honor" and of "truckling to a foreign government." He was saved only by his strong position in Parliament. Since then he has been attacked for being too conciliatory toward Germany, for not being sufficiently uncompromising in regard to Vilna, and in general for trying to live on good terms with other countries instead of perpetually quarreling with them, as his predecessors had done. The latest complaint against him is in regard to the commercial treaty with Czecho-Slovakia, which the Polish Nationalists declare to be too favorable to that country. The treaty has not yet been ratified by the Polish Parliament, and it is possible that it will not be ratified at all. The chief instigator of the campaign against M. Skirmunt has been Marshal Pilsudski, who at last, when he thought himself strong enough to do so, dismissed a Cabinet that had not been defeated in Parliament, or at least forced it to resign.

There is moreover no doubt as to the important part played in the recent change of ministry by the Quai d'Orsay, which opposed M. Skirmunt's pacific policy and in particular his efforts to establish good relations with Russia and Germany. French hostility to him reached a climax at Genoa, especially when he refused to follow the French and Belgian lead and, with the rest of the delegates, signed the memorandum sent to the Russian delegation. Another cause of French displeasure was the protocol signed before the Genoa Conference by Russia, Poland, and the Baltic States, agreeing to act together at Genoa in certain matters, and notably to defend the treaties made between Russia and the other states concerned. The protocol also pledged Poland and the Baltic States to support the formal recognition of the Russian Government. Yet another complaint against M. Skirmunt was that he had failed to secure a military convention between Poland, Finland, and the Baltic States. The clause of the Treaty of Warsaw referring to defensive measures in the event of an attack on any of the states mentioned was held to be quite insufficient, although it went

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too far for the Finnish Parliament, which refused to ratify the treaty. M. Skirmunt's French and Polish opponents held that if he had explained to the Finnish Government that the clause in question was intended to apply only to an attack by Russia, although it did not say that, the Finnish Parliament would have ratified the Treaty of Warsaw. This is certainly a mistake. The Finnish Conservatives would have approved of a military convention aimed against Russia alone, but the majority of the Finnish Parliament objected to any military convention.

This last affair particularly touched the French Government, which has been trying for the last two or three years to form a bloc against Russia of Poland, Finland, and the Baltic States, and is furious at the failure of its hopes just as they seemed on the point of being fulfilled. French pressure was vigorously used to compel M. Skirmunt to follow the French lead at Genoa, but it failed completely. He stuck to the line of policy laid down before the Conference began and throughout it consistently worked for conciliation, especially between Russia and the other Powers. It was he who first proposed the adjournment of the Conference and the reference of the Russian question to a commission of experts. This was the last straw for the French and vehement protests were made at Warsaw against M. Skirmunt's policy. They were favorably received by Marshal Pilsudski, who himself resented M. Skirmunt's firmness and independence. For the first time Pilsudski faced a Foreign Minister who refused to be dictated to.

It is as yet too soon to say what will be the effect on Polish foreign policy of M. Skirmunt's departure, but it is clear already that his departure is a calamity both to Poland and to Europe. Indeed, the forced resignation of the wisest and sanest Government that Poland has yet had justifies the poor opinion of Polish political sense generally held in Europe. It is to be feared that we shall have a revival of the flag-waving, filibustering policy that discredited Poland until M. Skirmunt took office. In home affairs the loss of M. Michalski, the Minister of Finance, who was beginning to bring something like order out of the chaos of the Polish national finances, is almost equally regrettable. It is true that the parties of the "Left" have passed a resolution demanding that the new Government shall pursue a pacific policy and abstain from all bellicose tendencies, but they have at the same time demanded a more rigorous application of the Treaty of Riga (the peace treaty with Russia), about which M. Skirmunt was accused of being too lax. It seems therefore likely that the quarrel of last September will begin again. The fact that General Petlura has been allowed to return to Warsaw is hardly reassuring. There is too much reason to fear that M. Savinkov and other mischief-makers will soon follow him.

Such is the secret history of the dismissal of M. Skirmunt for the crime of preferring Polish interests to those of France and of preferring peace to everything else. The declaration of the new Cabinet to the Polish Parliament contains ominous indications of the change in Polish foreign policy. It insists on the intangibility of the alliances already concluded (but not registered with the League of Nations), and above all of "that which unites France and Poland," and declares that, while the new Government will pursue "a policy of peace" in regard to Germany and Russia, it will not "cease to watch with equal vigilance over the western and eastern frontiers" of Poland. All this points to the tragic fact that Poland becomes once more the obedient tool of the French Government. All the edifice of friendly relations with other countries that M. Skirmunt has so laboriously and persistently built up is now in ruins. The independence that he was winning for Poland is once more compromised. One of his most successful achievements was the laying of the foundations of an understanding with Great Britain. He made a great impression during a visit to London just before the Genoa Conference and had succeeded in almost dissipating the suspicion of Polish policy generally entertained in England. He had already obtained a small loan for Poland in London and would have been able to obtain a much larger one. All this is now at an end. For the moment at any rate the hope of an Anglo-Polish understanding must be abandoned. The circumstances in which M. Skirmunt has been driven from power and his successor appointed will revive—and rightly so—all the suspicions of Polish policy in England and other countries.

The French intrigue of which Marshal Pilsudski has made himself the aider and abetter, every true friend of Poland must deplore. Speaking for myself, as one who before and during the war made every effort to get a hearing for the claims of Poland in the teeth of the British and French governments, I am filled with dismay. At last Poland, through the agency of M. Skirmunt, was adopting a sane policy and showing that the Poles were not all the romantic incapables that they are thought to be in most European countries. Perhaps the Poles will some day recognize that those of us who backed them in the evil days when the Quai d'Orsay was selling them to the Czar and bartering away forever their hope of independence in return for the left bank of the Rhine, are truer friends of Poland than the diplomatists whose aim is to use her for their own ends. If they will not take our advice, let them take that of the Exchange. Since the resignation of M. Skirmunt the Polish mark has slumped again.* That fact speaks more eloquently than words.

A Song of White Snow

In Farewell to Field-Clerk Wu Going Home

By TS'EN SHENG

Translated by Witter Bynner and Kiang Kang-hu

The north-wind rolls white grasses and breaks them,
And through the Hun sky flies Eighth-month snow,
As though a spring-gale, come up in the night,
Blew open the petals of ten thousand pear-trees.
It passes the pearl-blinds, it wets the silk-curtains;
A fur-coat feels cold, a cotton-mat flimsy;
Bows become rigid, can hardly be pulled,
And the metal of their armor congeals on the men;
The sand-sea deepens with fathomless ice
And darkness masses its endless clouds;
But we drink to our guest bound home from camp,
And play him barbarian lutes, guitars, harps;
Till at dusk, when drifts are crushing our tents
And our frozen red flags never move in the wind,
We watch him, through Wheel-tower Gate, go eastward
Into the mounds of Heaven-peak Road—
And then disappear at the turn of the pass,
Leaving behind him only hoof-marks.

* On June 1 the mark stood at .025, on July 1 at .023, on August 1 at .014. —Ed.

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"Rats": An Organizer's Story

By ANN WASHINGTON CRATON

"RATS" was our favorite name for the private detectives who were hired by a clothing manufacturer to make our lives wretched during a recent organization campaign and strike in Scranton, Pennsylvania. Strange to say the Rats themselves were not particularly adverse to the title and in time actually adopted it. A mining community with a great number of Polish, Italian, and American widows, Scranton was the field selected by this clothing manufacturer, after conducting a union shop in New York for many years, to inaugurate his open shop, also called "American plan." The union of course followed. Then the Rats appeared. Scranton is overrun with private detective agencies, as are all large industrial cities. These agencies supply employers with under-cover men, *agents provocateurs*, strike-breakers, and armed guards. They have become a factor in American industry as a whole and provide enormous revenue for the hundreds of prosperous labor detective agencies, both large and small.

Rats are used in the organization stages to spy upon each organizer and to report his movements and work. In particular they are used for intimidation. Organizers in a strange town have their lives made as unpleasant and disagreeable as possible by continuous shadowing and countless annoyances. There is the constant worry of frame-ups and the graver danger threatened day and night by the men who are never seen who work under cover for the agency. During the organization campaign and strike in Scranton, which lasted some twelve or thirteen weeks, we acquired an extensive acquaintance with the Rats and an intimate knowledge of their habits. They used to be alternately hired and fired and when off the job would hang around union headquarters to "bum" cigarettes in exchange for confidences about the other Rats and methods to be employed to have them fired. Rats have no sense of solidarity. They always "scab."

There was the Big Rat, a clever, utterly unscrupulous fellow, who had been a lieutenant in the navy. He was the brains of the agency. He felt his superiority and treated the lesser Rats with contempt and scorn. They in turn cringed to him and were forced to do the most disagreeable assignments. Then there was the Little Rat, a youth of about nineteen, who had driven a grocery wagon before this great opportunity to be a detective came to him. The Old Rat had evidently had a respectable past but through drink and dissipation had lost various good positions and had sunk to this level. The Fresh Rat was employed to start a fight with the man organizer and to be as insulting as possible to the woman organizer. There was also the Bull Dog Rat, the Drowned Rat, and the Feeble-minded Rat. For that matter they could all be classed as pretty close to feeble minded. Detective agencies go to the underworld to hire men to be used as mine guards, as sluggers in industrial districts. The Rat faces indicate a low-grade intelligence. Their mental efforts are for the most part exhausted after a glance at the sporting page and "funnies." They sit or stand for long hours with a vacant, stupid stare. No doubt they acquire that impression from long hours of watching their "subject." "They can't see for looking," Organizer R. would say when he would walk downstairs past a Rat and leave him blinking at an elevator.

It is an accomplishment to skip a Rat and then walk past the agency without him at your heels, or better still to the factory to have the Boss who pays the agency $15 a day for your escort to see you alone. If it happens twice the Rat gets fired. While the agency makes money, the Rat does not. His pay averages from $4 to $6 a day, and his hours are everlasting. "It's a wonder you fellows don't go on strike," we would say, "you work all day and all night, too." For the Rat appears at your home early in the morning and never leaves you until you go home at night regardless of the hour.

The Rat follows you to the picket line, to the office, to strike meetings, to the restaurants, to the movies, shopping, and anywhere else you may go. It gets to be annoying even when one has a sense of the ridiculous, and certainly Rats are ridiculous. But when a weary organizer has to contend with "scabs," police, arrests, court, and all of the attendant difficulties of a strike, it is galling to have a grinning defective at the next table to you three times a day or directly behind you at an occasional movie or theater. And it is humiliating to have every article of wearing apparel you may buy duly chronicled and observed by the Rat who stands by your side. One has very little time to give to escaping them, and it has to be used for emergency cases when there is really important work to be done which the Rats must not know.

We discovered after many humiliating experiences that the Rats would not eat in a tea room or first-class restaurant if they could help it. They would sit and spy, but not eat. One night we went to the best hotel in Scranton where the waiters were organized. We confided to them who our attendants were and so the waiters served the Rats sandwich and pie with haughty scorn. The Rats were starved but broke. They paid their own expenses out of their $4 a day. The Big Rat was the only one who had his expenses allowed and when he was on duty we never permitted him a hotel dinner. One night we ordered cheese for the Rats which the waiters served with much style.

Organizer M. was a Scranton man and had been a respected citizen, property holder, and proprietor of a successful dry-cleaning establishment. All this was disregarded when he acted as local representative of a labor union. His disgust at the hounding to which he and the other organizers who came to live in his house because the hotels were not safe were subjected was such that he made violent protest to the district attorney. When M. discovered that there was no legal redress we all decided that a Rat's job must be made a hard one. One of the main characteristics of Rats, in general, besides their lack of intelligence, is their inability to walk. M. had exceptionally long legs, and he liked walking. So he would exercise the Rats. One by one he exhausted them. It was stifling hot July weather. The Big Rat was fat and the first day finished him. He had a five-mile jaunt, thinking that there was some mysterious union plot to uncover and that it was a deliberate attempt to lose him. He followed faithfully but returned a sad spectacle. The next day he assigned the Lit-

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tle Rat to M. The result was the same. The third day there was a Relief Rat. It rained torrents. The Rats were luxuriating on the porch opposite the house where the organizers lived, which the agency had rented for their comfort and convenience. It had a rocking-chair and a hammock. The Relief Rat wore an immaculate palm-beach suit. He was proud of it. The other Rats called him the Dressed-up Rat. He was minus an umbrella. M. sauntered out of the house with raincoat, umbrella, rubbers. The organizers and the other Rats mirthfully saw them off and three hours later saw them return. It had rained and rained. They had taken a country walk on muddy roads. M. got into fresh clothes, had his lunch, and in thirty minutes was off again, with the bedraggled, muddy, soaked, drowned, and hungry Rat staggering after him. His shoes oozed water, his straw hat was broken, and his Rat soul was crushed. He walked three blocks. Then he called to M. "Damn it to hell, I'm through, I believe you are doing this to kid me. I won't follow you another step. If this is what you call being a detective, I'm off of it for life." So ended the inglorious career of the Drowned Rat.

Organizer C. shattered the nervous system of the Rats as they were attempting to shatter hers. The strikers were all from miners' families, largely Italians, living on the edge of the mining district. They hated the Rats. Even the children called them names and threw tin cans at them when they followed the organizers into the neighborhood. The Fresh Rat had been particularly insulting one day in his efforts to start trouble. But the trouble which he had desired came upon his own head. His remarks to Organizer C. made upon an apparently empty street spread miraculously and in about two minutes he was menacingly surrounded by Italian miners who enjoyed trouble as much as the Fresh Rat. "Mister Detective," said one little man, who despite his small size looked very ferocious because of the coal black covering his face and his fierce mustachios. "You insulta this lady and there will be a dead Rat in the street."

At night when the organizers would come into this Italian colony with the Bull Dog Rat and the Little Rat at their heels, two husky miners would join the procession, dogging the Rats. The organizers strolled around the mines in the darkness, walking to the edge of them, the trembling Rats and the miners behind them. At the edge of the mines, which dropped five or six hundred feet, as the Rats knew, the organizers would remind them of their transgressions during the day. "You walked too close to me, today," Organizer C. would say to the Little Rat. "Your distance is ten feet, not an inch more." "But I am a good Rat," the Little Rat would vigorously protest. "There are good Rats and bad Rats. If I can get my job back on the wagon I am going to quit Saturday night." "You are a miserable Little Rat," she would answer. "There are no good Rats. You promised to go back to your grocery store two weeks ago." "I'll prove I'm a good Rat," insisted the Little Rat, "I'll drive my wagon up to the picket line and you can jump in and we will lose the Fresh Rat and get him fired."

The Rats followed so closely and were in such constant attendance that at times the strikers and the police could not distinguish them. "Are you an organizer or a detective?" was the usual question, and the answer of each was according to the mutual advantage to be derived. Once the Pennsylvania mounted police charged into the picket lines through a yard. Organizer C. was chased up the steps of a house with the horse on the second step. The Little Rat stood and laughed at her. Infuriated the officer wheeled his horse and gave him the run of his life. "I am a detective, I am a detective," squeaked the Little Rat, while Organizer C. still clinging to the door knob laughed in turn at his discomfiture. He tried to reach for his credentials while dodging the brandished club of the other who was yelling at him. "Damn you, I don't care who you are. When I say move, move or I'll break your head open. I won't stand for my orders not being obeyed."

After such experiences with the Scranton Rats we next met the under-cover Rats. This was in Binghamton, New York. They were never seen but they did expert work for the "scab" firm which had moved in during the lockout of the New York Clothing Manufacturers' Association. One of the organizers had a room on the first floor. One night a huge stone was hurled through the open window. It struck him in the head, while sleeping, cutting a deep gash. Not content with this the agency saw that several nights later it was repeated at the home of the lawyer who contrary to the commands of the Chamber of Commerce had represented the union. This time the rock missed its intended victim, but crashed into the crib of his baby, the infant narrowly escaping death.

Later in this same town the detective agency was finally successful in its efforts to "get" the organizer. He was kidnapped by men with bogus police badges, taken in an automobile miles from town on a deserted road. He was terribly beaten with blackjacks and then burning acid was poured on his face and chest, after which iodine was smeared on to make the burns more painful. He was thrown out of the automobile and left unconscious on the roadside. He was found hours later and hurried to the hospital where he finally recovered. The police and court made little effort to find his assailants and the men were never arrested.

Private detective agencies are increasing daily and their work is becoming more and more menacing to all labor organizations through the use of stool-pigeons, gangsters, professional strike-breakers, and *agents provocateurs*, but the Rats, the ridiculous defective detectives for whose services the employers pay such large sums for the intimidation of union organizers, in the hope that they will fearfully and disgustedly abandon their work, will never prevent labor organization. Often the Rats provide the one bit of comic relief in the strenuous life of an organizer. For if an organizer works day and night it is for an ideal, a faith, a daring dream. And a Rat for $4 a day tags along to try and prevent it!

Contributors to This Issue

ANNIE G. PORRITT was one of the twenty American delegates to the Fifth International Birth Control Conference recently held at London, where she represented the *Birth Control Review*.

ROBERT DELL is a well-known European newspaper correspondent, for many years connected with the *Manchester Guardian*.

ANN WASHINGTON CRATON is an organizer of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, reporting from intimate observation and experience.

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The London Birth Control Conference

By ANNIE G. PORRITT

LOOKING back over the Fifth International Birth Control Conference in London last month, I am filled with a sense of its far-reaching importance. Here were assembled a few score of enthusiasts, gathered from Europe, Asia, and America, intent on effecting a fundamental change in human conduct, and thus scoring a victory over forces of nature which, unchecked, have brought upon mankind miseries of unemployment, destitution, famine, and war. If human history really consists in the emergence, promulgation, and triumph of ideas, historians will have to take note of birth control as one of the ideas that make revolutions in human conduct and conditions. Three years hence, when the Sixth International Birth Control Conference meets at Portland, Oregon, in accordance with the invitation given by the American Birth Control League, it will be easier to gauge the real importance of the London meetings.

To the average American newspaper man the most surprising feature of the Conference would probably have been the entire absence of emotionalism. The British birth control movement is dominated by men, and the overwhelming majority of the papers given at the Conference were given by men. Including the dinner and the public meeting, there were twelve gatherings and of these only one—the section on Individual and Family Aspects of Birth Control—was presided over by a woman. The one woman to whom this honor was extended was Margaret Sanger, and she was also the only woman who took a prominent part as a speaker at the public meeting. The absence of the emotional element was in my judgment due to this male dominance of the movement. Most of the women who took part appeared afraid to express anything like sentiment or deep feeling in regard to birth control as it affects women and children. They emphasized the material and economic benefits of the restriction of families, but gave little attention to the questions of human happiness or misery, or the wrecking or salvaging of married life. Margaret Sanger alone brought the discussion in touch with the deeper realities of human life, and throughout the Conference she stood, as she stands in the birth control movement in America, as the type and embodiment of woman's revolt against unlimited and irresponsible reproduction, and the leader of a crusade which would lift the mass of women from darkness and despair into light and freedom.

The subject of birth control was discussed in sessions devoted respectively to its economic, statistical, moral, religious, eugenic, biological, political, and medical aspects. Many of the papers and the addresses of the chairmen in these various sections deserve high praise. The standing in the educational and professional world of the men who presided, who contributed papers, who spoke in the discussions would have come as a second surprise to the American journalist. The English press treated the Conference as a national and international event, and day after day columns in all the more important London, provincial, and Scottish newspapers were devoted to it. Summaries of speeches, in the indirect and somewhat dull, but admirably fair and accurate English manner, appeared in the news columns, and the editorial comments were uniformly serious and usually highly appreciative. This newspaper attitude may have been due in part to the presence of such men as H. G. Wells, Harold Cox, Sir Arbuthnot Lane, Lord Dawson, Sir James Barr, Professor E. W. MacBride, and Professor Westermarch—to mention only a few who took an active part in the Conference. It was also due, no doubt, to the deep-seated feeling that England is reaching a crisis in regard to population and that the continued addition of a quarter of a million yearly to her population, through the excess of births over deaths, will speedily bring her face to face with insistent economic and political problems.

Among so many excellent papers it is difficult and perhaps invidious to single out any for special mention. There were in all about fifty papers and addresses, not including valuable contributions to the discussions from the floor. Fifteen papers were contributed by American delegates, and of these three attracted special attention in the English newspapers: Psychological Factors in Birth Control, by Professor Knight Dunlap; Economic Competition between American Races, Negro and White, by Professor W. F. Willcox; and Effect of X-Rays on Reproduction in the Rat, by Dr. Donald Hooker.

The absence of any legal restrictions in England in regard to both the theory and practice of birth control made possible the discussion of practical aspects of the subject with a frankness and directness unknown in the United States. Mr. H. G. Wells, in his opening speech at the great public meeting held in connection with the Conference, emphasized the value of this frank approach to the question. A subject can be perfectly decent, he asserted, when it is shouted from the house-tops which would be salacious and shameful when whispered in the ear. The choice before the world, he continued, was not between innocence and knowledge, but between furtive information on the one hand and candid, straightforward knowledge on the other. It was a pleasant surprise to the American delegates, accustomed to the difficulties and restrictions which surround the birth control movement in this country, to take part in the serious discussion of ways and means of bringing practical relief to parents, and of thus offering a solution to the international problem of overpopulation.

Space forbids the mention of a tithe of the interesting papers. But no description of the Conference would be complete without a note concerning the hearty cooperation in Great Britain of the Eugenists. Professor MacBride, who presided over the Eugenic Section, stated that he appeared as officially representing the Eugenical Education Society. He pointed out the disgenic effect of modern humanitarianism in keeping alive the poorer strains that in former years would have perished; and asserted that it is the artificial interference with nature of civilized man that has made possible the overpopulation of the world. A pair of frogs, he said, with an average lifetime of five years, will produce some 12,000 progeny. But the balance of frog population is not thereby disturbed, because the various casualties of frog life will in the meantime dispose of 11,998, leaving at the death of the parents just as many and just as few frogs as there were before. So throughout the history of mankind population has remained practically stationary, and it remains for man to supplement his victory over nature's checks of famine and disease with the humane check of birth control.

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Borah and the Presidency—A Few Opinions

The Outstanding Liberal Personality

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Concerning the suggestion about Borah, it is two years away. Much may happen. Radicalism is not enough. There must be a program. What definite liberal program there is may go into a third party, or it may capture one of the old parties for the time being. I readily agree that Borah is the outstanding liberal personality in the country at present, but as you will see from this that fact does not lead me to the decision that we necessarily have the elements out of which a successful third party is made. It took the British about thirty years to progress from where we are to the formation of the Labor Party in 1917.

New York, August 5 NORMAN HAPGOOD

The League Issue

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial of August 9, The Duty to Revolt, raises two questions: (1) The advisability of a third party; (2) the candidacy of Senator Borah.

What good will a third party do? The disgust with the two existing parties, which seems to me very general and very keen, is not directed against their programs but against their practice. The shame of our present political life is not that certain politicians are incompetent or corrupt, putting special interests above the commonweal, but that we—the voters—year after year renominate and reelect public servants of proved unworth. The launching of a new party will not cure the disease.

Once upon a time the Republicans were a third party. If we want good government we must contrive a system or create a spirit which will reward merit and discourage incompetence and corruption. If we can contrive such a system or create such a spirit we could bring the old parties to book.

I have a high regard for Senator Borah's courage. On most domestic issues and in regard to disarmament I find it a pleasure to support him. But in general his attitude in foreign affairs is in the sharpest possible opposition to mine. I believe that America ought to be in the League. I could not vote for him.

New York, August 4 ARTHUR BULLARD

Stands for Fundamental Democracy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read your editorial, The Duty to Revolt, with great interest and with its general purport I am in complete sympathy. Whether the revolt you suggest is to take the form of a new party or whether it shall take the form it assumed in 1896 when Bryan became the leader of the Democratic Party is a question. Personally I have never regarded side parties as likely to perform any more useful service than that of quickening the big parties in their forward movements. Bryan was not elected President, but he changed the whole trend of American politics for more than a dozen years and his dreams were begin ing to come true when the great European war altered the course of history.

For many years I have regarded Senator Borah as an outstanding figure in American public life. He is today perhaps the best living representative of fundamental democracy. It seems to me that if present trends are maintained during the coming two years nothing can prevent his nomination for the Presidency by the Republican Party. The gradual elimination of the Old Guard leaders forecasts that event as clearly as anything could do. The fall of McCumber, of Campbell, of New, and of others signalizes a revolt which is bound to become more violent under the pressure of circumstances which the Republican Party under its present leadership has invited.

What interests me is what the Democrats are to do in the event that the revolt in the Republican Party spreads and Borah on its crest is borne to the front as its leader in 1924. At the moment no Democrat seems to be equal to the occasion. For a brief instant Judge Irvine of your State loomed as a possibility. There was the right ring in his platform and in his speeches. He placed himself on the eternal verities of democracy. The race he made for Congress in a Republican district should have brought him to the front as excellent gubernatorial timber. And had the Democrats of New York been keen to their opportunity they would now be preparing to nominate and elect him this year. This would place him in line infallibly for the presidential nomination in 1924.

Johnstown, Pa., August 4 WARREN WORTH BAILEY,
Editor Johnstown (Pa.) *Democrat*

A Leader

[From the New Republic]

THE unique position which Senator Borah holds at this time is the result partly of the floundering ineptitude of the titular leaders of the national legislature and executive, partly of his own courage, honesty, disinterestedness. Every generous cause, every liberal movement finds hope in his support. Recognition of the government of Russia, withdrawal from Haiti, amnesty for political prisoners, surrender of claims against Europe in return for disarmament, settlement of the coal strike by honest conference after thorough investigation—all these measures find a spokesman in Borah. He is the point of the spear. It is natural in these circumstances that he should be thought of as a leader around whom a new liberal or progressive party could rally. The causes of which he is champion provide him with a platform to which every liberal will subscribe.

Borah for President

[Boston Herald (Republican)]

The New York *Nation*, sick of the two old political parties, proposes to bring a new one into existence in 1924, with William E. Borah of Idaho as its candidate for the Presidency.

This project invites a division. The third-party idea is sheer nonsense. "Borah for President" has considerable merit.

We ought to understand once for all, profiting by the experience of 1912, that we cannot divide the majority party of the North without giving the country to the Democrats. For that reason we shall never be a three-party country, at least so long as our sectional line—the outgrowth of the Civil War—unhappily persists.

But Borah possesses large qualifications for a President. We do not agree with him in everything. He even opposed the Four Power Treaty. He wants America to go it alone. In this we think he is wrong. But he is an outstanding figure in the sense that he has courage and individuality and force. He has spoken on the bonus with more clarity than anybody else. He has spoken on the armament question and on the cancelation of European debts in a way that could not be misunderstood. He is the most courageous man in the Senate, the least influenced apparently by what his electorate may think of what he says.

If we are any judge of the times, the American people by another two years will sigh for someone of vigor in the presidential chair; they will want the vigor of reality and not the vigor of sham. They will want a leader. They may be looking for somebody of the Borah type.

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In the Driftway

"YOU can't eat pictures," remarks our penetrating Secretary of Labor, Mr. Davis of the Loyal Order of Moose. "You always slice the colored label off the loaf and eat the bread and throw the art away. . . . Keep working and you'll get the chromo." The Drifter must admit the accuracy of the Secretary's remarks. In fact it never occurred to him that the purpose of the artist was to make things good to eat. He is not quite sure what is the purpose of art or even civilization. That is, to be sure, a problem which has disturbed the meditations of wiser men than the Drifter. But the gentleman who writes the monthly bulletins of the American Exchange National Bank —business prognostications mixed with philosophy—has no doubts. Hearken to his wisdom:

> As time moves on and the ultimate supremacy of the ideas associated with material progress becomes more certain the louder grow the wails of those who fear the decay of the spirit and the destruction of the finer things of life. . . . It never seems to occur to these backward-looking prophets that the spirit of today is perhaps finding expression in new forms and that it is they who are losing step with the infinite. . . . There should be as much mental excitation and spiritual exaltation in tunneling through a mountain or harnessing a Niagara or even in modeling and producing a pair of shoes as there was in following the flight of a swallow in poetic fancy or shaping a Venus de Milo. All are sensible of the debt owed by material progress to the finer things of life, but these contributions have been made; they were steps, and we do not believe that it is necessary that we cling to them forever—make a fetish of them. . . . The alleged culture of which we hear so much is static, sterile, senile, a performer on the melodeon and the harpsichord in the day of the phonograph and the automatic piano. . . . That form of culture will be forced to stand aside for jazz and the man headed for a mountain with a pick.

So away with poetry; away with the man who makes music for himself or creates new beauty out of his own imagination. That has been done; it is of the past. This is the age of chromo prints made by the million, which we cannot eat and therefore throw away; the age of canned peas in summer boarding-houses, of canned fish at the seashore, whence the fishermen ship all their catch to the canning factories, of canned music that whines its way into wilderness camps where it frightens and silences the hermit thrush and the winter wren; yes, even of canned thought. Give up your dreams; excite yourself making shoes—or rather, ten thousand times a day, making an identical slash or stitch in ten thousand identical pairs of shoes, Model 607A, size 8D; wind up the phonograph to play a third-rate imitation of last year's jazz successes, and head for the mountain with a pick.

* * * * *

THE Drifter read in the paper the other day that a Michigan professor had been to see Gandhi, and that after interviewing the Hindu saint (who, clad in a loin-cloth, drove up in a Ford car to meet the professor) and listening to his denunciation of modern civilization, of railways, lawyers, doctors, and soulless factories, he felt as if he had been hearing a voice from the Middle Ages, or Bryan denouncing Darwinism. Now the Drifter would dislike being thought medieval or even Bryanistic, but he admits to sympathy with Gandhi; there are occasions when he feels out of touch with the temper of the times. As, for instance, when he reads the outpourings of cabinet secretaries and of Michigan professors, or the philosophy of bankers who presumably have more leisure to cultivate their souls than mere hack journalists. Yet there are other times when he suspects that we romanticize the past and that the present generation dreams more than we know. The poet and the artist have always dwelt in garrets and gleaned crumbs from dull but rich men's tables; we remember the few prosperous merchants who liked to pose as patrons of the arts and forget those who, like the gentleman who writes bulletins for the American Exchange National Bank, scorned all beauty that did not yet command a price. After all, it is in our own modern dollar-land of America that millionaires have developed the habit of leaving picture galleries and parks to the public; and a midwinter expedition to what he thought would be the lonely Palisades once convinced the Drifter that the steam heat and jazz even of New York had not reduced the city youth of this generation to a point where they could not glory in the wild beauty of a sheer cliff and laugh at bankers' scribes and cabinet secretaries.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Faith, Hope, and Charity Our Watchword

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When I began to read your admirable publication my friends assured me that it would have a most unfortunate effect upon me, so steeped was it in pessimism and cynicism. As a matter of fact, I have rarely read a paper more bubbling over with faith, hope, and charity. Let a politician be right on one or two issues and *The Nation* is ready to hail him as the hope of democracy. Here, for instance, is Senator King of Utah. He has been right about Haiti, Santo Domingo, and the Philippines, right on the fight against the Gargantuan infant dye trust, and as a good Democrat more or less right about the tariff. He has been egregiously wrong about Mexico and, unless my memory plays me a scurvy trick, he was equally wrong on many other issues dear to the heart of *The Nation*. I have not the facilities at hand to look up his record, but I believe that he was one of the most furious and irrational of Hun-haters and bolshevik baiters, and that he advocated a peace-time sedition law which would have completed the nullification of the First Amendment. Am I wrong in my memory? Has Senator King been converted, or does *The Nation's* invincible optimism explain its laudatory reference to him in its issue of August 23?

White Plains, New York, August 18 STEPHEN LOURIE

How a Vested Interest Was Acquired

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With reference to your editorial note in your issue of August 9 on the expropriation of the lands of Luis Terrazas by the Mexican Government, some slight account of how these lands passed into the possession of Terrazas may be of interest. When the short-lived empire of Maximilian was contesting with Benito Juarez the sovereignty of the northern states, Luis Terrazas, then a humble muleteer in western Chihuahua, heard the call of his country and took a leading part in the clearing of Chihuahua of the imperialists. The cathedral of Chihuahua still contains a bell pierced by a cannon ball, reminder of the battles fought in the deserts between gorgeous Polish mercenaries of Louis Napoleon and ragged, triumphant Indians under Terrazas. After the triumph of the Republic, President Juarez repaid Terrazas and others by permitting them to survey all unoccupied lands in the various states, taking two-thirds of such lands for the expenses of the survey and their patriotism, and

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leaving the remaining third to the Federal Government. Terrazas "surveyed" Chihuahua, leaving mountain tops and deserts to the Government. In other states the lands belonging to partisans of the Partido Conservador were conveniently "unoccupied" and the same may have been the case in Chihuahua.

After the marriage of Terrazas's daughter to the American Creel the family lands increased rapidly through a system of chattel mortgages. Terrazas was governor for years under the Diaz regime and paid no taxes whatsoever, so that when in the last year of President Carranza's rule the Mexican Government offered to return his lands, which had been confiscated after Terrazas had espoused the cause of Victoriano Huerta, if he would pay the back taxes, Terrazas refused because the accumulation was greater than the value of the land to him.

As stated in your editorial, a great deal of the acreage lies within the zone along the American border where property may not be acquired by foreigners under the law of 1918. In fact it is doubtful if Terrazas can show a clear title to his properties, owing to the manner of their acquisition and the tax arrears.

The Terrazas ranches were said to brand half a million calves yearly. The cattle were practically all killed off during the revolution, though there are said to be well-stocked ranches in Texas whose owners could show no bill of sale for the Terrazas cattle on their lands. Villa operated a slaughter house in Ciudad Juarez for several years. There was a story in Mexico during Carranza's time of an émigré returning from the United States over the line of the Mexican Central and contemplating the empty plains. Turning to his seatmate he said: "When I was here before all these broad plains were teeming with herds, now I look out and what do I see? Nothing but democracy!"

Pittsfield, Massachusetts, August 10 JOHN E. KELLY

The Alienism of the Higher Hierarchs

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with interest Mr. Hearley's letter in *The Nation* of July 26 on Taxation Without Representation in the Catholic Church. To us out here on the Pacific slope it almost seems that to be a bishop in the United States one must be born in Ireland. No native Americans are wanted. The number of bishops in this country who were born in Ireland is amazing, and when the Pope sends us a bishop who is not Irish he is quite likely to be a German, or some one other than a native American. Some seventeen Dutch or German names color the hierarchy of this country. In civil affairs we object to a person born in Ireland or Germany or Canada being Secretary of State in the President's Cabinet; equally so, one would think, we should object to an Irishman or a German being a leader in our ecclesiastical government in our own United States.

The system now prevailing in this country for the choice of bishops is entirely undemocratic. The bishops perpetuate themselves; they keep their friends in office, brains and ability being matters of secondary consideration. One must be personally friendly to a bishop to be promoted; and as the true American is no courtier, he is never, or rarely, advanced to leadership. The priests, who are doing the hard work of the church in this country, have, neither themselves, nor through their representatives, a voice in the selection of their rulers in this land of the free. All the American priests are expected to do is to submit gracefully and boom the Peter's pence!

When a diocese becomes vacant it is usually filled, not by a priest who knows its problems and its clergy and people, but by one from some distant point. Our own archbishop in San Francisco came to us from Rochester, New York. The archbishop of Chicago was imported from Brooklyn. His Grace of St. Paul was shipped from the effete East, as if the West had no quality in its devoted and learned clergy. The new bishop of Toledo is a Southerner, whose classmates could not sing patriotic songs without insulting him, yet he now occupies an important post on our Northern frontier. The former bishop of Toledo, born in Germany, is sent to Cleveland where he is not wanted. The new archbishop of Baltimore, chosen to succeed the famous American, Cardinal Gibbons, was not only born in Ireland, but is a Negro hater as well, yet he none the less represents the church at the capital of the nation.

Mr. Hearley has hit upon the only plan to bring Rome to time: cease filling their pocketbooks; the rest will be easy. And from the rumblings among the American clergy the diminishing returns of Peter's pence will doubtless record their growing displeasure at being taxed without being represented.

San Francisco, July 30 GEORGE AMBROSE HASTINGS

Laymen *vs.* Clerics

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It occurs to me that Mr. John Hearley is in error when he classifies the National Catholic Welfare Council with what he terms "the much more liberal Catholic social movements in Ireland and Italy." According to my information the latter are organized and managed by laymen. In this they differ materially from the American organization. The distinction seems to me important and for that reason I write these lines.

Chicago, July 29 MICHAEL F. GIRTEN

The Nation's "Continued Toryism"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Indeed it is amusing and also disgusting to read your continued toryism and misrepresentation whenever you refer to the Irish struggle for human freedom from the British tyrant. Neither you nor any of the British hireling press in these United States attempts to place truthfully before the public the origin of all the bloodshed and pogroms which have devastated Ireland during the past seven hundred and fifty years—namely, the continued brutality of England.

The so-called civil war in Ireland today is a continuation of the English Black-and-Tan-and-Orangemen-of-Belfast brutality, operating under cover of a few treacherous mongrel Irishmen, Griffith, Collins, Craig and Company, under direct orders of Lloyd George, the English unspeakable Turk, or the modern Oliver Cromwell. The constitution which you print is only what might be expected, an abominable stink emanating from a filthy cesspool located in London.

I have read with pride and satisfaction the upright stand you took with regard to the United States rape of Haiti and Santo Domingo. Your stand deserves praise from all fair-minded people. Now, I ask what unpardonable crime is or was the Irish race guilty of that they are condemned and lied about by all the press and officials of the United States who hypocritically boast that we are lovers of freedom?

New York, July 23 WILLIAM CAMPBELL

Good Old-Fashioned Americanism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Among the very many letters addressed to the President for the release of political prisoners, the following stands out as a relic of good old-fashioned Americanism.

New York, July 24 ROGER N. BALDWIN,
Director American Civil Liberties Union

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

I am a very old lady whose brother fought for the Union in the Civil War and whose family have always supported the Republican Party. Most of my long life has been passed in a country where speech and thought were free. Must I die in a country where young men are imprisoned under sentences of from five to twenty years for the cause of free speech? Very respectfully yours,

Morristown, N. J. (Sgd) MARY TICHENOR SUYDAM

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Standards of Living in German Austria

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your recent article entitled Austria—May, 1922, you refer to a family "whose two heads bring in 210,000 crowns a month" and "who have a desperate struggle to live and educate their three children." May I submit a few figures relating to the case of a clergyman in Austria, an old college chum of mine, who has to support a family of the same size on a much smaller salary? His case is, I believe, typical of the professional classes in general and also affords opportunity of drawing attention to certain facts of paramount importance to all who wish to remit money to sufferers in Europe.

My friend is the Protestant clergyman in one of the Alpine provinces of German Austria. The eldest of his three children is a daughter, who has just passed the "Abiturienten-Examen," i. e., an examination which may be described as intermediate between college entrance and the B.A. degree, and which entitles the successful candidate to matriculate at any university. The second child is a boy, who is just about to go through the same examination, and the third a girl of much younger age.

Having myself been reduced to extremely straitened circumstances I am unable to render them any assistance. But sometimes I meet with kind-hearted people desirous to help in individual cases the details of which are accessible to their knowledge. On one such occasion, quite recently, three ladies, who are themselves anything but burdened with the riches of this world, had enabled me to send him a check for kr.40,000 (which they had purchased for $10) and two dollar bills, which realized another kr.15,000—in all kr.55,000.

The idea had been to enable my friend and his family to enjoy a little cheer at Easter. He replied that, in consideration of the continually and rapidly falling exchange, they had spent the money at once—not for good cheer, though, but for those things of which they were in the most urgent and pressing need: kr.18,000 for two shirt-blouses for the eldest daughter; kr.12,000 for a pair of shoes; kr.8,000 for a dentist's bill; and kr.17,000 for material for two night-gowns and six handkerchiefs! I had asked him about their daily fare, and his answer was as follows: "The reply to your question concerning our daily menu is simple enough. Breakfast: coffee and dry bread. Midday dinner: soup (*eingebrannt*, i. e., prepared of water, fat, flour, and vegetables), followed by a dish of potatoes or cereals. Supper: coffee and dry bread. We cannot buy butter or meat, the price of the latter being kr.1,000 per pound." He also mentioned that his monthly salary was equal to $15; and in a former letter (when the Austrian exchange was still somewhat higher!) he had told me that a young and unmarried, unskilled laborer easily earned kr.20,000 or more per week! The eldest daughter is now learning dressmaking instead of entering a college or university. The youngest child, who is in a serious anemic condition, has been sent to Holland to a Home for German children, to be fed on milk, butter, and eggs. The son is incidentally referred to in a few lines added by his mother as "our boy who is always hungry. . . ."

The reader may have noticed the discrepancy in the exchange between the check for kr.40,000, purchased for $10, and the kr.15,000, as realized by the $2 remitted in the form of dollar bills. Unfortunately I was too late to prevent those ladies from accepting the kronen-check (kr.40,000) which was issued to them by a New York bank of high standing as an equivalent of their $10. The official in question refused to take it back or to exchange it for a dollar-check, although I pointed out, at the time, that this implied the loss of nearly half the amount paid in—the real equivalent of $10 amounting, according to the rate of exchange published in that day's papers, not to kr.40,000 but to kr.75,000. Now, considering on the one hand the fact that, in view of the pecuniary circumstances of the kind donors, their gift represented a genuine self-denial, and on the other, the unspeakable distress which that gift was intended to alleviate to some slight degree—considering all these circumstances a very peculiar poignancy seems to me to attach to the question: What became of the kr.35,000 out of the kr.75,000, the equivalent of which was paid into the New York bank in the shape of $10? Did they disappear into nothingness? I cannot imagine that anyone would be of that opinion unless he believed that the efficiency of big business is lagging far behind its ethical standards. The majority, I fancy, will share my own conviction that they are safely reposing, in one form or another, in the coffers of the bank or banks concerned in the transaction.

New York, July 7 Theodore Lorenz

The Ninety Per Cent in Palestine

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I note in your issue of this date an appeal in favor of Macedonia for the Macedonians, p. 79, and an editorial, p. 55, which might have been entitled Palestine for Ten Per Cent of the Palestinians. How about the 90 per cent whose folks have lived in Palestine only three or four times as long as white folks have lived in America? Where is their homeland?

New York, July 19 Charles L. Carhart

A Vest-Pocket Travelogue

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In three weeks of traveling through Germany, I have not seen one German army officer. This is surely a new Germany! "Die Wacht am Rhein" is not taught in the schools and is never sung in public places. It would be somewhat unsafe to whistle it in the streets of Berlin. The iron cross has disappeared. To wear it in public places is an invitation to be mobbed. And this is Germany!

Berlin, July 1 Nicholas Klein

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Books

Ulysses

Ulysses. By James Joyce. Paris: Shakespeare and Company. 150 francs.

"WELCOME, O life! I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race. . . . Old father, old artificer, stand me now and ever in good stead." With this invocation ended James Joyce's first novel, "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." It has stood for eight years as the pledge of Joyce's further achievement; today he has brought forth "Ulysses," a monstrous and magnificent travesty, which makes him possibly the most interesting and the most formidable writer of our time.

James Joyce is forty years old and these two novels represent his major work; there are in addition "Chamber Music," a book of exquisite lyrics; "Exiles," a play; and "Dubliners," a collection of eighteen superb short stories. As some of these antedate the "Portrait" it is fair to say that Joyce has devoted eighteen years of his life to composing the two novels. Except that he is Irish, was educated at a Jesuit school, studied medicine, scholastic philosophy, and mathematics on the Continent, where he has lived for many years, nothing else in his biography need be mentioned. Among the very great writers of novels only two can be named with him for the long devotion to their work and for the triumphant conclusion—Flaubert and Henry James. It is the novel as they created it which Joyce has brought to its culmination; he has, it seems likely, indicated the turn the novel will take into a new form. "Ulysses" is at the same time the culmination of many other things: of an epoch in the life of Stephen Dedalus, the protagonist of the "Portrait"; of an epoch in the artistic life of Joyce himself; and, if I am not mistaken, of a period in the intellectual life of our generation.

"A Portrait of the Artist" is the story of the interior life of Stephen Dedalus, from his earliest memories to the time of his leaving home with the invocation quoted above. It is easy to distinguish it from contemporary autobiographical novels, for they resemble it only in what they have borrowed from it. It is a work of the creative imagination more than of the memory; it is marked by a dignity and a lyric beauty almost without equal in prose fiction; the concern is the soul of a young man destined by circumstances to be a priest and by his nature to be a poet. He struggles against the forces which urge him to repair the family fortunes, to be loyal to the faith, to fight for Ireland. "He wanted to meet in the real world the unsubstantial image which his soul so constantly beheld." Against the sense of sin excited at the school was his ecstasy: "He closed his eyes, surrendering himself to her, body and mind, conscious of nothing in the world but the dark pressure of her softly parting lips. They pressed upon his brain as upon his lips as though they were the vehicle of a vague speech; and between them he felt an unknown and timid pressure, darker than the swoon of sin, softer than sound or odor." And his joy: "A girl stood before him in midstream; alone and still, gazing out to sea. . . . Her long slender bare legs were delicate as a crane's and pure save where an emerald trail of seaweed had fashioned itself as a sign upon the flesh. Her thighs, fuller and soft-hued as ivory, were bared almost to the hips where the white fringes of her drawers were like feathering of white down. . . . Her bosom was soft as a bird's, soft and slight, slight and soft as the breast of some dark-plumaged dove. But her long fair hair was girlish; and girlish, and touched with the wonder of mortal beauty, her face." There was also his clear proud mind.

"Ulysses" is, among other things, a day in the life of this same Stephen Dedalus, an average day after his return to Dublin from Paris. As an average day it marks the defeat of the poet; he has encountered and been overcome by the reality of experience; the ecstasy and lyric beauty are no more; instead of it we have a gigantic travesty. That is, as I see it, the spiritual plot of "Ulysses." And as Stephen, in addition to being a created character, is both "the artist" generically and specifically James Joyce, "Ulysses" naturally takes on the proportions of a burlesque epic of this same defeat. It is not surprising that, built on the framework of the "Odyssey," it burlesques the structure of the original as a satyr-play burlesqued the tragic cycle to which it was appended; nor that a travesty of the whole of English prose should form part of the method of its presentation. Whether a masterpiece can be written in caricature has ceased to be an academic question.

The narrative of "Ulysses" is simple. The portions corresponding to the story of Telemachus tell of a few hours spent by Stephen Dedalus on the morning of June 16, 1904: he visits the Nestorian head of the school where he teaches, goes to the modern cave of the winds in a newspaper office, tests the "ineluctable modality of the visible." It is in the newspaper office that he first sees one Leopold Bloom, *né* Virag, an advertising solicitor whose early day has already been recounted. Him we see in all the small details of his morning, preparing his wife's breakfast, going to a funeral, trying to get a reading notice for an advertiser, gazing a bit wistfully at the intellectual life of Dublin, under the name of Flower carrying on amorous correspondence with young girls, to the first climax of his day when he gets into a quarrel in a public house and is stoned as he drives off because he reminded a Cyclopean citizen there that Christ was a Jew. From this he goes to his second climax, an erotic one caused by observing a young girl on the rocks near Sandymount—an episode which officially corresponds to that of Nausicaa, but more interestingly to the scene in the "Portrait" I have quoted. Bloom sees Stephen a second time at a lying-in hospital where he goes to inquire the issue of an accouchement. Much later that evening Stephen and Bloom encounter each other in a brothel in the nighttown of Dublin. Bloom protects Stephen from an assault by a drunken soldier and takes him to his home where they talk until nearly daybreak. After Stephen leaves, Bloom goes to bed, and the catamenial night thoughts of his wife, thoughts of her first lovers and of her adulteries, complete the book. Bloom being Ulysses, his wife is Penelope. The authoritative version makes her also Gea, the earth-mother.

This is what is technically known as a slender plot for a book which is the length of five ordinary novels. But the narrative is only the thread in the labyrinth. Around and about it is the real material of the psychological story, presented largely in the form of interior monologues—the unspoken thoughts of the three principal characters and at times of some of the others, separately or, in one case, simultaneously. In a few words, at most a few pages, the essential setting is objectively presented; thereafter we are actually in the consciousness of a specified or suggested individual, and the stream of consciousness, the rendered thoughts and feelings of that individual, are actually the subject matter of the book. There is no "telling about" things by an outsider, nor even the looking over the hero's shoulder which Henry James so beautifully managed; there is virtually complete identification. The links in the chain of association are tempered by the nature and circumstances of the individual; there is no mistaking the meditations of Stephen for those of Bloom, those of either for the dark flood of Marion's consciousness. I quote a specimen moment from this specimen day: "Reading two pages apiece of seven books every night, eh? I was young. You bowed to yourself in the mirror, stepping forward to applause earnestly, striking face. Hurray for the Goddamned idiot! Hray! No one saw: tell no one. Books you were going to write with letters for titles. Have you read his F? O yes, but I prefer Q. Yes, but W is wonderful. O yes, W. Remember your epiphanies on green oval leaves, deeply deep, copies to be sent if you died to all the great libraries of the world, including Alexandria? Someone

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was to read them there after a few thousand years, a mahamanvantara. Pico della Mirandola like. Ay, very like a whale. When one reads these strange pages of one long gone one feels that one is at one with one who once. . . ."

The swift destructive parody in the last sentence is a foretaste of what arrives later in the book. In the episode at the *Freeman's Journal* Joyce has sown headlines through the narrative, the headlines themselves being a history by implication of the vulgarization of the press. In the public house a variety of bombastic styles sets off the flatness of the actual conversation; on the beach the greater part of the episode is conveyed through a merciless parody of the sentimental serial story: "Strength of character had never been Reggy Wylie's strong point and he who would woo and win Gerty MacDowell must be a man among men" and so on. Here the parody creates itself not in the mind of Bloom, but in that of the object in his mind, and renders the young-girlish sentimentality of Gerty with exceptional immediacy and directness. The burlesque of English prose, historically given, against which great complaint has been made, is actually only some sixty pages long; the parodies themselves I find brilliant, but their function is more important than their merit. They create with rapidity and as rapidly destroy the whole series of noble aspirations, hopes, and illusions of which the centuries have left their record in prose. And they lead naturally, therefore, to the scene in the brothel where hell opens.

This is the scene which, by common consent, is called a masterpiece. The method is a variation from that of the preceding; the apparent form is that of a play with spoken dialogue and italicized stage directions. The characters at the beginning are the inhabitants of nighttown; they and the soldiers and Bloom and Stephen have this real existence. But the play is populated by the phantasms and nightmares of their brains. Bloom's dead parents appear and converse with him; later his inflamed imagination projects him successively in all the roles he has played or dreamed of playing, from seducer of serving wenches to Lord Mayor of Dublin; he is accused of his actual or potential perversions; the furies descend upon him; he is changed into a woman, into a pig. Stephen's mother, at whose death-bed he refused to pray and who literally haunts his conscious thought, appears to him. In the Witches' Sabbath brute creation and inanimate things give voice; the End of the World appears and dances on an invisible tight-rope; and the Walpurgisnacht ends in a hanging of totally unnamable horror. It is here that Bloom recognizes Stephen as his spiritual kin.

The galvanic fury in which this episode is played is, one feels certain, not equalled in literature; it is a transcription of drunken delirium, with all the elements of thought and imagination broken, spasmodic, tortured out of shape, twitching with electric energy. The soft catlike languor of the whores, the foulness of the soldiers, the whole revel of drink and lust, are only reliefs to the implacable terrors in the subconscious minds of Stephen and Bloom. At the end of it Bloom accepts Stephen as the man his own son, and so himself, might have been; Stephen, more vaguely, seems to see in Bloom the man he himself may become. The orgy dies out in a cabman's shelter, in dreary listlessness, and after a description of their affinities and differences, given in the form of an examination paper, the two men part. The poet defeated by his self-scorn and introspection, the sensualist, with his endless curiosity, defeated by weakness, disappear; and in the thoughts of Mrs. Bloom something coarse and healthy and coarsely beautiful and healthily foul asserts itself. Like the Wife of Bath, she can thank God that she has had her world, as in her time.

Although her last words are an affirmation that her body is a flower, although she morally rejects her brutal lovers in favor of Stephen and ends with a memory of her first surrender to Bloom, there is no moral triumph here. For Mrs. Bloom there can be no defeat similar to that of the others, since there has been no struggle. Their impotence is contrasted with her wanton fornication; she occurs, a mockery of the faithful Penelope, to mark their frustration. In their several ways Bloom and Stephen have been seekers, one for experience and the other for the reality of experience; and finding it they have been crushed and made sterile by it.

If it is true, as Mr. Yeats has said, that the poet creates the mask of his opposite, we have in "Ulysses" the dual mask—Bloom and Stephen—of James Joyce, and in it we have, if I am not mistaken, the mask of a generation: the broken poet turning to sympathy with the outward-going scientific mind. (Bloom is completely rendered by Joyce, with infinite humor and kindness and irony, to give point to this turning.) Conscious despair turns to unconscious futility; in the end, to be sure, Stephen leaves the house of Bloom, to be homeless the last few hours of the night. And this homelessness, beside which is the homelessness of Joyce himself, strikes us as a joyful tragedy in Stephen's freedom and solitude and exaltation. The one thing one does not find in "Ulysses" is dismal pessimism; there is no "down" on humanity. Lust and superstition, Mr. Santayana has told us, are canceled by the high breathlessness of beauty; in this book love and hate seem equally forgotten in an enormous absorption in things, by an enormous relish and savoring of palpable actuality. I think that Nietzsche would have cared for the tragic gaiety of "Ulysses."

I have not the space to discuss the aesthetic questions which the book brings up nor to indicate what its effect upon the novel may be. I have called Joyce formidable because it is already clear that the innovations in method and the developments in structure which he has used with a skill approaching perfection are going to have an incalculable effect upon the writers of the future; he is formidable because his imitators will make use of his freedom without imposing upon themselves the duties and disciplines he has suffered; I cannot see how any novelist will be able (nor why he should altogether want) entirely to escape his influence. The book has literally hundreds of points of interest not even suggested here. One must take for granted the ordinary equipment of the novelist; one must assume also that there are faults, idiosyncrasies, difficulties. More important still are the interests associated with "the uncreated conscience of my race"—the Catholic and Irish. I have written this analysis of "Ulysses" as one not too familiar with either—as an indication that the book can have absolute validity and interest, in the sense that all which is local and private in the "Divine Comedy" does not detract from its interest and validity. But these and other points have been made in the brilliant reviews which "Ulysses" has already evoked. One cannot leave it without noting again that in the change of Stephen Dedalus from his affinity with the old artificer to his kinship with Ulysses-Bloom, Joyce has created an image of contemporary life; nor without testifying that this epic of defeat, in which there is not a scamped page nor a moment of weakness, in which whole chapters are monuments to the power and the glory of the written word, is in itself a victory of the creative intelligence over the chaos of uncreated things and a triumph of devotion, to my mind one of the most significant and beautiful of our time.

GILBERT SELDES

Social Psychology

Principles of Social Psychology. By James Mickel Williams. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

THE title of this book is misleading, for the nature of the contents does not nearly justify the title, either with or without the obscurely placed sub-title, "as Developed in a Study of Economic and Social Conflict."

There are now discernible four streams of thought that enter into the subject of social psychology. The first is represented by such distinguished sociologists as Giddings, Tarde, and Gumplowicz, who, long before the term was first used by E. A. Ross, worked to explain in psychological terms the phenomena

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of association and group behavior. Another group, of whom Ross and Le Bon are examples, have concentrated on such subjects as suggestion, mob action, leadership, fashion, and similar distinctively collective phenomena. Psychologists, as in books by McDougall and Dewey, have discussed the role of the instincts in society and the interactions of original nature and culture, the importance of the latter having been stressed particularly by ethnologists. Finally, the psychoanalysts have contributed to the analysis of the adaptation of original nature to culture by uncovering a wealth of unconscious desires and the mechanisms of their activity in repression.

Mr. Williams has not addressed himself to the major problems of social psychology raised by these authors, although he has made use by application of some of the conclusions. The field which he has chosen to treat under this title is the social institutions, industry, political organization, the family, the professions, the ecclesiastical, educational, and military organizations. The psychology comes in through an analysis of the motives operating in these institutions. A non-historical description in terms of motives in so broad a field as the social institutions gives the account somewhat the appearance of general comment. The generalizations are numerous and there are many illustrations. The citation of motives is in terms not of technical psychology but of such every-day usages as selfishness, rivalry, domination, sympathy, etc. The motives selected for comment usually fit all the way through into a general scheme, which is the contrasting of the egoistic, dominating, rivalrous tendencies on the one hand with the sympathetic intellectual dispositions on the other. Thus in industry he points out the conflict between the business-for-profit motive and the interest-in-public-welfare motive; and in the family is contrasted family pride and selfishness with what is called idealism.

It is difficult to treat motives by such accredited method as measurement, tables, and quantitative data. Psychologists, particularly the behaviorist school, are developing objective tests for motives. In sociology the best procedure—and it is quite similar to the behavioristic method—is to give a very full reckoning of the phenomenon in terms of history and social conditions before attempting to say what the motives are. In one of the later chapters the author refers to strikes as a phenomenon caused by the expressed impulses of employees, the idea being that normal impulses of workmen are suppressed by the conditions of industry to such a degree that the resentment breaks out in strikes—a very plausible psychological explanation. But a further inquiry according to the procedure referred to in a preceding sentence would have thrown additional light on the motives in strikes. For instance, in business depression when the personnel manager is fired and the foremen boss there are fewer strikes than in prosperity when the foremen are kinder-hearted because of the scarcity of labor. If resentment, breaking out because of repression, is the motive of strikes, then why aren't there more strikes in the trough of the business cycle?

Of course some motives are so obvious that it doesn't require much historical investigation to uncover them. And Mr. Williams in the course of years of study has made many observations as to motives, based on facts. A listing of conclusions without a full notation of the supporting data we sometimes call insight. The author shows considerable insight in many of his observations, particularly in tracing the ramifications of the selfish, economic motives in politics, philanthropy, religion, etc. But, also, in observations of motives in so many different phenomena there must necessarily be many about which the reader will have doubt. For instance, on page 304: "In a new country family pride prompts to the acquisition of, rather than the display of wealth"; and on page 179: "The 'open-shop drive' in the United States in 1920-1921 was due in part to the fear that labor unions would develop into a political party in the United States as they had in England, and, as there, would threaten the political control of the propertied classes."

Another caution, to be observed for those whose search is for general motives of action in social phenomena, is that one's single-minded emphasis of a particular motive often obscures a full vision of the phenomena. Such an error is frequently true of the economic interpretationists, despite the admitted truth of their observations as far as they go. Our author in discussing the business cycle (page 102) says: "The essential cause of business cycles is impulsive profit-seeking; business activity is not rationally regulated in a way to safeguard public welfare." Does impulsive selfishness explain satisfactorily the business cycle? "Because human nature is the same the world over, individualistic profit-seeking has determined the economic order the world over, and the business cycle with its extremes of prosperity and depression is a world-wide phenomenon." The business cycle didn't exist two hundred years ago. Wasn't human nature as impulsive and as selfish then as now? If impulsive profit-seeking causes the business cycle now, why didn't it two hundred years ago?

Mr. Williams has an excellent paragraph advising the reader to maintain strictly the intellectual attitude in approaching the study of the heated problems of the economic system. And he has, I think, reached a measure of detachment from emotion in regard to most of his subjects not usually attained by writers. But perfect detachment is impossible. I should guess that the subjective sources of the author's bias are his emotionally high regard for altruism and his strongly moral attitude. If one were to attempt to classify his social philosophy it would be neither conservative nor radical but rather liberal or progressive. His awareness of the disguise of selfishness does not drive him into cynicism at all. He believes in a purposeful, directed change toward better things. He does not describe in detail his goal, as the book is not primarily the presentation of a program. His constructive suggestions are that in the conflict of interests we should encourage the sympathetic and intellectual dispositions; and he seems to consider education the most fruitful means of strengthening these tendencies.

Readers who are not familiar with the functioning of our social institutions, and particularly the unsophisticated, will learn much from these pages about the operation of human motives in our social organizations. The pages are rich in penetrating comment. Such readers will be wiser because of the exposure of the power and prevalence of selfishness and they will appreciate the high value of sympathy and intelligence. But they will not, I think, make a comprehensive acquaintance with the major problems and principles of social psychology.

WILLIAM F. OGBURN

Old and New

Indian Summer. By Emily Grant Hutchins. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

Bennett Malin. By Elsie Singmaster. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

EMILY GRANT HUTCHINS has a striking theme. In her opening pages she sketches in brilliant action a character which is familiar to every observer and which in some aspects is not unworthy of a certain admiration. It is the more or less typical American girl of the middle class, clear of eye and clear of will, who knows what she wants and gets it, and who, perhaps unconsciously in the vigor of youthful will, is capable of brushing aside both the conventions of her milieu and the ordinary decencies of the soul provided that both infractions can be secret. Then later Mrs. Hutchins draws another familiar character, the middle-aged woman whom Indian Summer has not mellowed but only hardened and acidulated and against whose stiff-backed tyranny in the name of the twin gods of village decorum and material prosperity husband and children find it difficult to rebel. The two characters are the same and the chief of Mrs. Hutchins's accomplishments is her making it credible that crude but rather splendid youth can become that graceless and barren thing which middle age too often is. She has shown how im-

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possible it is for crassness to be other than hideous when it is robbed of the freshness of youth; how impossible for any save those who have some depths of philosophy and emotion to grow old gracefully. When Vine Larimore discovers that the scapegrace son of good family for whom she has waited three years has entangled himself in a misalliance and when she solves her problem by throwing herself into the arms of an old admirer, thus covering up the scandal, removing herself to another village, and providing for her future, there is something admirable in her sheer competence. But when years later, still bearing the spite in her heart, she visits her old home, observes the menage of her former lover, and returns renewed in spirit to confess in an unguarded moment, "It almost paid for all that has happened since—to see someone that you thought was rich and prosperous—and find out that they have actually less than you have," then is revealed the tragedy of a soul which has no mind and no heart but only a will to live upon.

Mrs. Hutchins's execution is not altogether as good as her conception. The novel is rather under the usual length but it is desperately crowded with characters and incidents and as it draws toward its conclusion it strikes the reviewer as, in places, frankly incredible. She is at her best in depicting Vine under more or less ordinary circumstances but she is obsessed with the importance of a Browningesque moral about the inwardness of virtue which she is determined to inculcate and she puts her characters through some rather difficult contortions in order to leave no implication of the moral undemonstrated. Browning is rather dangerous reading for a novelist and realistic fiction cannot work itself out with the neat completeness of poetic justice which may be proper to the fable; it must be content to have its incidents merely that fragmentary illustration of a moral which is as near didacticism as life ordinarily gets. Moreover none of the other characters is sketched as truly as the central one is and Mrs. Hutchins allows a little too much sugar to creep into her portrait of those whom she has invented as foils, seeming occasionally to have drawn Vine from life and some of the others from romance.

Mrs. Hutchins is essentially modern in outlook and in manner whereas Elsie Singmaster is probably the last author still alive who could treat without amusement a heroine who attended Christian Endeavor regularly and found it good. Yet for all of that she is not to be despised and "Bennett Malin" deserves more readers than its quiet virtues are ever likely to get for it. There is some slight suggestion of Jane Austen in Miss Singmaster's sharp delineation of a society which has for her no illusions but against which she does not definitely rebel; Hawthorne would have sympathized with the somewhat unexpectedly somber touch at the conclusion of this story of a man without talent who early in his life stole a little fame from a dead man and then at the broken end of his days lays upon the fire the only good manuscript he had ever produced—the story of his useless life—with a gesture of atonement for the wrong which he has done. It is no small triumph to have told with penetrating humor the story of this stupid vain man and then to make this final incident not only credible but touched with the high bleak beauty of useless Hebraistic atonement.

Miss Singmaster has written a number of novels, including some books for children, and she seems thoroughly detached from the stream of contemporary thought and fiction. There is nothing in this book's manner of expression or in the ethical standards and values which it assumes which might not have been as readily employed fifty years ago as today. In its affirmations and its skepticisms as well as in its legend it is old-fashioned New England but it is also vivid and real. The reviewer wishes that some of the critical defenders of the "older generation" would take a little time off from their denunciation of Dreiser and their praise of Hawthorne, Howells, and other dead celebrities to hold this sincere and excellent novel to the light. He fears, however, that they cannot be persuaded to do so, and as perhaps it would hardly do for one more or less committed to revolutionary art and ethics to praise it too much he will rest content with offering it as an example of the vitality still possible in older methods and views, of the excellence which inevitably results from the sincere portrayal of character from any standpoint, be it the iconoclastic or the traditional.

J. W. KRUTCH

Inspiration and Common Sense

On English Poetry. Being an Irregular Approach to the Psychology of this Art, from Evidence Mainly Subjective. By Robert Graves. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

MR. GRAVES, himself a clever poet and a good one, has written one of the few useful books on poetry that exist. There is not a spot of platitude in his pages, or, as he would say, not a wad of putty. Each of his sixty or more brief essays goes straight to a proposition, drives it into a corner, and takes it by the throat—or nose. This is partly because he is a poet and cannot tolerate untruth about his trade; partly because he has humor and a sense of impudence; partly because his aim happened to be practical—to describe his own experience of how poems get written.

Mr. Graves is for the poetry that is born, not made; for the poetry that comes and surprises. (There are other kinds, but let them go.) So he begins with the unconscious. The idea of a poem, and perhaps the first draft, is an entirely spontaneous thing. It bubbles from the bottom of the mind, where the sediment has been stirred by conflict between two or more turtles of impressions; it troubles you; you seize it; you use it. That is all you know of inspiration, and all you need to know. Mr. Graves, like Emerson, is death on the uninspired. But he is not too superstitious about the inspired. Poetry obeys organic laws, if we only knew them—and he thinks we may some time, when psychoanalysis is an older science. "I plead the rule that 'Poetry contains nothing haphazard,' which follows naturally on the theory connecting poetry with dreams. By this rule I mean that if a poem, poem-sequence, or drama is an allegory of genuine emotional experience and not a mere cold-blooded exercise, no striking detail and no juxtaposition of apparently irrelevant themes which it contains can be denied at any rate a personal significance." This is probably true, though we must be very far from an understanding of the laws involved, and "explanations" of poems, even Mr. Graves's, must often be absurd. The advantage again of Mr. Graves, however, is that he is a poet. His analyses of Marlowe, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Keats, and himself—particularly himself—are nearly always brilliant and, what is better, useful.

Mr. Graves may quarrel with those whom he calls classical over the question where poetry comes from, but he quarrels with no conscientious person over what to do with it once it has arrived. Work at it, he says in effect, like man. A poet dreams and then he is a child; but the time follows when he must be "critical, diligent, constructive," or be "lost beyond recovery." As artist, that is, he must test the suggestions that have come to him and correct them "on common-sense principles so as to make them apply universally." He must become intelligible. Also, he must look to his consonants and his cadences; it was for prosers, not poets, that the maxim was meant: "Take care of the sense, and the sounds will take care of themselves." To illustrate which, so that he will be useful by example as well as precept, Mr. Graves retunes one of his own stanzas five times before our eyes.

As for the precepts here, one of them alone makes the book worth buying and keeping around. "The poet has to be very honest with himself about only writing when he feels like it. . . . He ought not to feel distressed at the passage of time as if it represented so many masterpieces unwritten. If he keeps mentally alive and has patience, the real stuff may arrive any moment; when it doesn't, it isn't his fault, but the harder he tries to force it, the longer will it be delayed." And there are many more.

MARK VAN DOREN

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International Relations Section

Italian Labor Fails

JUST before the general strike which precipitated the conflict between the Fascisti and the workers, resulting in bloody warfare in most of the industrial towns of Italy, the labor movement had suffered a blow almost as severe—a lost metal-workers' strike. It was in the metal industry that the seizing of factories took place during the revolutionary movement of 1920, described in the International Relations Section of December 22, 1920. The recent strike started soon after May 15 when the employers in the metal trades refused to sign a new agreement with the Federation of Italian Metal Workers (F.I.O.M.) unless a wage cut was incorporated. The great Fiat Company joined the rest in this demand. The question was debated in various conferences of the metal workers and on May 15 the Lombardy regional convention of the F.I.O.M. adopted the following resolution:

The convention of the representatives of the Lombardy sections of the F.I.O.M., called for the purpose of hearing the report of its officials on the negotiations with the Lombardy association of machine and metal manufacturers regarding the closing of the agreement;

Convinced that if the proposal of the employers—to reduce wages or refuse to sign any collective agreement—is accepted, it would not help or relieve industrial conditions which are already dangerously bad, and would lower the standard of living beyond the bare existence level, thus spreading hunger and desperation among the workers with serious injury to production;

In view of the fact that the metal workers, in order to help the industry face the crisis, have given up notable increases which would have been granted them if the agreement of October 2, 1920, had been fully applied, and have furthermore accepted wage revisions which lessened the cost of labor more than 15 per cent;

And considering therefore that the workers cannot accept or endure further hardships, approves the position taken by the F.I.O.M. leaders and calls upon them to formulate the ideas expressed above in order to present them to the manufacturers' association and to take a rigid stand with regard to the general agreement and to oppose the wage cuts;

Pledges the delegates to this convention to uphold this resolution among the masses and to prepare them to go out on strike and be ready to accept the discipline of the F.I.O.M.

Similar resolutions were adopted in other districts and by the Milan shop committees. The following letter sent by the F.I.O.M. to the manufacturers after the Lombardy Convention explains the position of the strikers.

MACHINE AND METAL MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION
VIA GIUSEPPE VERDI II,
MILAN

In accordance with the promise made to you we called together the members of the shop committees and the representatives of the Lombardy sections of the F.I.O.M., with whom we fully discussed the negotiations held with your representatives Thursday, May 11. The result of these meetings is summed up in the resolutions which we are now sending you. . . . [Those of the Lombardy Convention and the Milan shop committees.]

The proposal submitted to us by your representatives for a sharp reduction in wages or the termination of the collective agreement has aroused the strongest resentment. The workers are convinced that they have made all the sacrifices that are humanly possible for the industry and no further demands were expected.

It may be recalled that on the basis of the agreement of October 2, 1920, the workers were to receive 7 centimes a day increase for every 2 points' increase in the cost of living as determined by the Commune of Milan *Bulletin*, and that the last increase was paid January 1, 1920, based on the average figures for the bi-monthly period of October-November, 1919, amounting to 497.51.

From that time on, in accordance with your request, the workers gave up the right to the bi-monthly revision of wages. After that time the cost of living rose to a maximum of 598.17, and sank to a minimum of 543.55 in the bi-monthly period of February-March of this year, which means (a) that for 7 bi-monthly periods the workers gave up increases varying from l.1.35 a day to a maximum of l.3.45, making an average of l.2.53 a day; (b) that for 7 bi-monthly periods they have borne the burden of the rising cost of living without any compensation whatsoever.

But the sacrifices made by the workers to keep the industry going do not end here. During the past year the rates for piece-work, with few exceptions, have undergone repeated and marked reductions.

In March of last year the general average of wages in the Milan shops exceeded 27 lire a day, while today it does not reach 24 lire. To the same extent the wages of the office workers have been reduced throughout the region and in the greater part of Italy, which means that the metal workers, counting the increases due them in accordance with the agreement of October 2, 1920, and the reductions which they actually got, lost at least l.5.50 a day in order to enable the industry to face the crisis.

It must be noted also that the piece-work reductions are much more far-reaching than the regular wage reductions. Everywhere the workers have tried to make up at least in part for the reduction on piece-work by increased production. From January, 1920, up to the present time the average hourly production of each worker has increased everywhere from 10 to 30 per cent according to the industries, with only a few exceptions not attributable to the attitude of the workers. In return for a notable increase in production the workers are now receiving a lower wage than that of last year, and it can therefore be maintained without question that the labor cost in production has been reduced by almost twice the actual reduction in wages.

We have also examined with the greatest care the statement made by your representatives that a further reduction in the cost of production might result in an increase of the employment in our industry, but the result of our investigation has shown the contrary. Whatever may be the cost of the products of our industry, the capacity of the Italian market to absorb them can increase but slowly, and then only if the consuming power is not diminished. This past year has shown us that every wage reduction has served only to shift the work from one shop to another, or from one zone to another, employing a larger number of workers in one section while a larger number in another section is thrown out of employment, without any advantage to the industry as a whole and with definite harm to the workers. For reasons known to you better than to us it is simply an illusion to hope for a notable increase in the exportation of our products.

Apart from the cost of production, during the first months of this year a certain increase in employment was noticeable, so that even at present the number of unemployed workers is slightly lower than it was during the last months of the preceding year. The Genoa Conference raised fears and hopes which put an end to this improvement. We therefore have reason to believe that the coming close of the Conference will bring better conditions, and consequently we maintain that a further reduction of wages is not necessary. . . .

A further wage reduction would therefore aggravate a state

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of evident misery; it would mean underfeeding for the workers and would inevitably provoke a feeling of exasperation, and the stimulation this would be to production is easy to imagine. . . .

Reduction of production costs cannot be obtained by making the lives of the workers intolerable, but by the study, both by the workers and the employers, of ways and means of improving and increasing production. . . .

We maintain, however, that the industry can meet the crisis through which it is passing only if the workers are assured of relative tranquillity and are not forced too frequently to discuss their conditions of work. And in the hope that this letter of ours will receive careful consideration, we stand at the service of your association for any further explanations of the case.

Respectfully yours,

For the F.I.O.M.,

BRUNO BUOZZI

By this time various groups, especially the Communists and Syndicalists, were demanding a general national strike. The mayor of Turin called a conference of both sides but no agreement was reached, and the Turin metal workers demanded nation-wide action. Meanwhile on June 1 the F.I.O.M. issued a call to the Lombardy metal workers:

The amiable conference held at the mayor's office shows clearly that the employers attended purely as an act of courtesy toward the mayor, without the slightest desire to find a basis of agreement, and that they held rigidly to their former position: either general reduction or abolishment of the collective agreement so far as wages are concerned.

In the face of such a difficult situation your committee, which has spent these past few days trying in every way to avert a conflict, even going further than was provided in your referendum vote, considered that its duty was to avoid all further delay and has decided to call you out on strike beginning tomorrow morning, sure that the Lombardy metal workers will on this occasion also show that they are worthy of their magnificent past.

Strike regulation:

1. All workers in the establishments controlled by the manufacturers' association are ordered to strike without regard to their conditions or the statements of the management.

2. The workers in establishments not controlled by the association and which are not asking reductions must remain at work.

3. The workers in establishments not controlled by the association and which are asking reductions must strike.

An agreement shall thereupon be submitted for approval to all establishments not controlled by the association.

Strictest discipline is requested of all the local agitation committees.

By the end of the month the situation was so acute that negotiations were broken off and the agitation committee of the F.I.O.M. called a general national metal workers' strike for June 26.

Metal Workers of Italy!

Your organization calls you to a new battle to defend yourselves from the hardest attack on your positions which has ever been attempted.

When the F.I.O.M. asked the National Federation of Metal Manufacturers if it did not consider that its duty was to intervene in an attempt to relieve the present critical situation, it replied that "there was no critical situation that was at all general enough to justify its intervention." In Lombardy 60,000 workers have been on strike for more than three weeks. But the federation does not consider that any general critical situation exists!

The Government invited the representatives of the workers' and employers' organizations to Rome in an effort to bring about further negotiations, but the employers' federation refused the invitation. It replied to the Government that "owing to the complex and critical situation"—and it had written to the F.I.O.M. that there was no critical situation of a general nature—"it would have been wise first to terminate the private negotiations to be held at Milan between the officials of the workers' and employers' organizations before holding any official negotiations." The F.I.O.M. officials accepted the invitation of the Minister of Labor and, to fulfil the desire expressed by the employers' federation, from Rome they went to Milan.

Buozzi and Uberti, secretaries of the F.I.O.M., spent three days in fruitless negotiations with various representatives of the employers' federation, even accepting the proposal of separate discussion for the various branches of the industry, in the hope of avoiding a general strike. The private negotiations were held chiefly with the representatives of the Milan group manufacturing rolling-stock, which repeatedly declared that an agreement with them would have served as the basis for a general agreement.

Today, Saturday, Buozzi and Uberti invited the various branches of the industry separately to formulate their proposals. The invitation was accepted. The employers proposed that 1.4.85 should be deducted from the cost of living allowance of 1.8.85, which has been in force up to now, and that 4 lire should be included in the regular wage.

In other words, while the employers before the strike asked for a reduction of 4 lire a day, they are now asking a reduction of 1.4.85, or 85 centimes a day more without taking into consideration the fact that, so far as piece-work is concerned, the reduction would be still greater. The employers, however, in compensation for the increase in reduction, would be generous enough not to ask for any further reduction, except on piece-work, until March 31, 1923!

Following these proposals, the F.I.O.M. officials, together with the representatives of the Italian Syndicalist Union and the Milan Syndicalist Union, on their way back from Rome yesterday afternoon stopped at the headquarters of the manufacturers' association to begin official negotiations. But they were not received.

The Lombardy Association of Machine and Metal Manufacturers, in accordance with their National Federation, proposed to continue private negotiations.

In the face of such an unheard-of method of procedure on the part of the employers, which is almost unprecedented in the history of the conflicts between labor and capital, the National Agitation Committee considered that its duty was to act at once, and resolved that the general strike of the metal workers, which was decided upon by the Genoa Convention, should take place on Monday, the 26th of this month.

The Italian Syndicalist Union and the Italian Union of Labor immediately supported this decision. Beginning Monday, then, the metal workers must go out on strike in all sections where there is a local organization of the F.I.O.M.

The organizations in Liguria, which have asked for a convention before striking, are asked to hold a meeting of their executives on Monday and send their delegates to the convention, which will be held Tuesday afternoon at the Chamber of Labor in Sampierdarena.

It is superfluous to add that if the proposals of the Lombardy manufacturers, which were evidently made in agreement with the National Federation, were accepted, the Italian metal workers would be faced with an indefinite period of humiliations and an endless series of reductions.

The F.I.O.M. therefore considers any appeal unnecessary, certain that the metal workers of Italy will show that they are worthy of their past!

Long live solidarity!

AGITATION COMMITTEE,
CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF THE F.I.O.M.

The attitude of Communists toward the strike is shown in the following sentences taken from their manifesto of June 27:

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The comrades who have carefully followed the activities carried on and the position assumed by this National Committee with regard to the present situation know that while the Communist minority has not believed in being represented on the Agitation Committee for reasons contained in the resolution it presented at the Genoa Convention, especially in regard to the intervention of the Federation of Labor and the Labor Alliance —it has, nevertheless, under all circumstances openly declared that whatever might be the form of struggle decided upon by the Central Committee of the F.I.O.M. and by the Agitation Committee on its behalf, the Communists would not only abide by its discipline, but would work in the front ranks for the success of the movement.

At the same time the Italian Syndicalist Union issued a manifesto in which these words appeared:

This is not the time to examine and discuss the procedure which led up to the metal workers' general strike, which has been demanded by so many groups of workers. The struggle demands of the proletariat complete unity of action in this difficult and serious period. For this reason our representatives on the Agitation Committee, in spite of the fact that they have been standing for a general strike of the whole Italian proletariat to combat the general capitalist offensive, nevertheless accepted the metal workers' general strike, trusting in the support of the rest of the workers who will doubtless enter the struggle to decide the lot of the metal workers and of the working-class, which is all involved in this incessant and exasperating guerrilla warfare of the employers.

The Communists, as was made evident in the documents printed in the International Relations Section last week, form the second largest group in the Italian Labor movement. They are strong in the metal trades and from the start of the strike criticized the conciliatory tactics of the F.I.O.M. although they accepted its leadership. As the strike went on their opposition grew more acute and on June 1 Caretto and Niccolo, Communist members of the Central Committee of the F.I.O.M., issued a strong statement, declaring that the F.I.O.M. leaders preferred guerrilla warfare to open struggle and that such separate action would lead to defeat and demoralization. They demanded the immediate calling of a general metal workers' convention and regretted that there was no organization strong enough to line up the workers of Italy behind the metal workers for a general strike. Meanwhile they said that, since general action was obviously not obtainable, the Communists would back the strike even in its local phases with enthusiasm, but would leave the leadership entirely in the hands of the reformists.

Although unsympathetic in many ways with the Communists, the Italian Syndicalist Union took much the same attitude toward the management of the strike and on June 30 the Lombardy branch issued a protest against the methods of the F.I.O.M. leaders.

The regional metal workers' committee of Lombardy, adhering to the Italian Syndicalist Union, convened the 26th of this month, is pleased with the successful progress of the general metal workers' strike throughout Italy and protests strongly against the method of procedure adopted by Hon. Buozzi, national secretary of the F.I.O.M., who independently of the Agitation Committee is negotiating daily with the employers, as he did last Saturday when, without the knowledge of the Agitation Committee, he formulated an agreement with the iron masters which was afterwards rejected by the general assembly of the employers. The committee furthermore asks the F.I.O.M. to live up to the pledges it has made, and not to deviate from them nor avoid responsibility, which the metal workers' committee of the Italian Syndicalist Union from now on declines.

The conclusion of the strike reflected the results anticipated by the Communists. It was a defeat for the workers, and was attributed by the opponents of the F.I.O.M. leaders to the policy of local negotiations and separate agreements. Two main agreements were finally signed—one with the Lombardy workers and one with the employees of the Fiat Company. They were in fact compromises; the reductions demanded by the employers were modified but so little as to leave the men in a much worse position than before the strike. The state of mind of the rank and file is indicated in the vote on the Lombardy agreement. Of 60,000 workers on strike 7,951 voted for acceptance of the agreement and return to work; 3,363 voted to continue the strike; the rest, the vast majority, refrained from voting, the Communists and Syndicalists officially refusing to express an opinion on a result brought about by tactics they disapproved. *Il Communista* commented on the outcome in these words:

In Lombardy, under a complicated technical agreement, wage reductions were accepted which had already been rejected and the rates for piece-work suffered even more. And here is the biggest bluff; the Lombardy agreement states that the conditions shall be submitted to a referendum of the Lombardy workers who have been in the struggle longest and who were more entitled to be tired, if not of the struggle, then of the continuous failures of their leaders.

Only in Venezia Giulia are the agreements any better, inasmuch as the reduction in cost of living allowance is limited to 1.2 a day and an increase is provided of 10 centimes for hourly pay. The reduction therefore amounts to 1.1.20 a day. All the other agreements remain in force, including the provision of working clothes by the companies.

The F.I.O.M. did its best to give a cheerful aspect to the result. On July 11, after the signing of the various agreements, the Agitation Committee issued the following manifesto:

Metal workers of Italy!

The critical situations which caused the Genoa Convention to decide upon the national strike have almost all been cleared up. The negotiations resulting from the difficulties at Leghorn and the lockout at the Terni shops are still going on. This lockout was not in any way connected with the national strike, but the F.I.O.M. will offer its most friendly assistance in the matter. Consequently the National Agitation Committee, in complete agreement with the representatives of the Italian Union of Labor, has unanimously decided in favor of ending the national strike beginning Monday.

The strike which is about to end has not been fought in vain. Many claims which the employers had apparently buried came to life again. Even the reductions which were asked at first and which were the chief cause of the strike, have been considerably diminished.

The splendid solidarity of the workers convinced the employers of the futility of insisting on penalizing the workers who struck to show their solidarity. Work must therefore be resumed everywhere without reprisals.

We know perfectly well that the agreements that were signed are not a victory. The F.I.O.M. has always had the courage to face the truth and therefore confines itself to stating that these agreements can be considered an honorable transaction, regardless even of the particular political and economic conditions of the country.

However, we know perfectly well that the adversaries of the F.I.O.M. and of class organization will use all means in their power to sow distrust among the metal workers. The attempt, however, will be in vain. The metal workers of Italy will continue to support the F.I.O.M. and the F.I.O.M. will know how to lead them to new battles. . . .

NATIONAL AGITATION COMMITTEE
CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF THE F.I.O.M.

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Harvard Undergraduates
on the
Jewish Limitation Issue

¶ Newspapers and periodicals have told what their editors thought on this question

¶ The opinions of President Lowell and of certain other prominent Harvard alumni have been made public

¶ But no one yet knows what the Harvard Students themselves believe on this subject

¶ A careful symposium on the problem was secured in one of the social ethics courses at Harvard last June. The findings will be published in the forthcoming issue of THE NATION:

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